THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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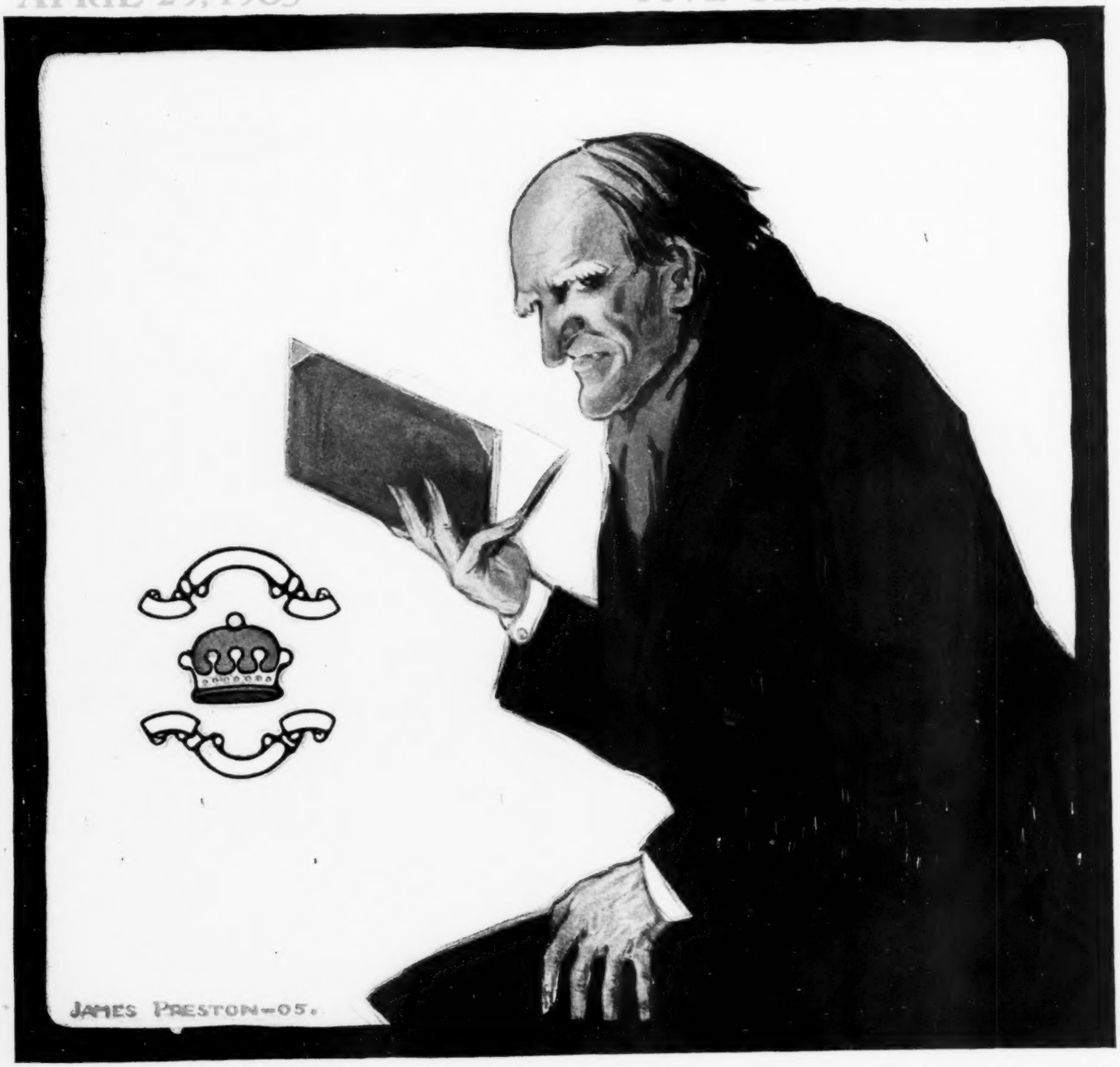
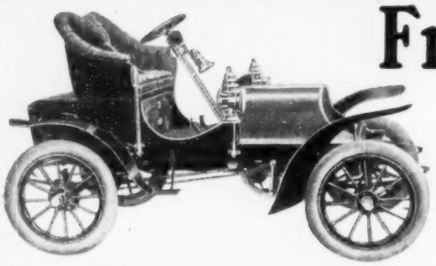


Beginning **The Triumphs of Eugène Valmont**

BY ROBERT BARR I—Lord Chizelrigg's Missing Fortune

Franklin



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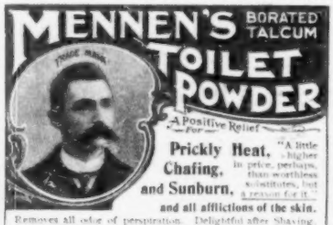

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THE TRIUMPHS OF EUGÈNE VALMONT—By Robert Barr

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Lord Chizelrigg's Missing Fortune

THE name of the late Lord Chizelrigg never comes to my mind without instantly suggesting that of Mr. T. A. Edison. I never saw the late Lord Chizelrigg, and have met Mr. Edison only twice in my life, yet the two men are linked in my memory, and it was a remark the latter once made that, in great measure, enabled me to solve the mystery which the former had wrapped around his actions.

I have no memorandum at hand to tell me the year in which those two meetings with Edison took place. I received a note from the Italian Ambassador in Paris requesting me to wait upon him at the Embassy. I learned that on the next day a deputation was to set out from the Embassy to one of the chief hotels, there to make a call in state upon the great American inventor, and formally present to him certain insignia pertaining to honors which the King of Italy had conferred upon him. As many Italian nobles of high rank had been invited, and as these dignitaries would not only be robed in the costumes pertaining to their orders, but in many cases would wear jewels of almost inestimable value, my presence was desired in the belief that I might perhaps be able to ward off any attempt on the part of the deft-handed gentry who might possibly make an attempt on these treasures, and I may add, with perhaps some little gratification, no contretemps occurred.

Mr. Edison, of course, had received notification, long before, of the hour at which the deputation would wait upon him, but when we entered the large parlor assigned to the inventor it was evident to me at a glance that the celebrated man had forgotten all about the function. He stood by a bare table from which the cloth had been jerked and flung into a corner, and upon the table were placed several bits of black and greasy machinery; cog-wheels, and so forth. These seemingly belonged to a French workman who stood on the other side of the table, with one of the parts in his grimy hand. Edison's own hands were not too clean, for he had palpably been handling the material and conversing with the workman, who wore the ordinary long blouse of the iron craftsman in a small way. I judged him to be a man with a little shop of his own in some back street, who did odd jobs of engineering, assisted, perhaps, by a skilled helper or two and a few apprentices.

Edison looked sternly toward the door as the solemn procession filed in, and there was a trace of annoyance on his face at the interruption, mixed with a shade of perplexity as to what this gorgeous display all meant. The Italian is as ceremonious as the Spaniard where a function is concerned, and the official who held the ornate box which contained the jewelry resting on a velvet cushion stepped slowly forward, and came to a stand in front of the bewildered American. The Ambassador, in sonorous voice, spoke some gracious words regarding the friendship existing between the United States and Italy, and expressed a wish that their rivalry should ever take the form of benefits conferred upon the human race, instancing the honored recipient as the most notable example the world had yet produced of a man bestowing blessings upon all nations in the arts of peace. Then the eloquent man concluded by saying that at the command of his royal master it was both his duty and his pleasure to present—and so forth, and so forth.

Mr. Edison, visibly ill at ease, made, nevertheless, a suitable reply in the fewest possible words, and the function being thus at an end, the noblemen, headed by their Ambassador, slowly retired, myself forming the tail of the procession.

Inwardly I deeply sympathized with the French workman who thus unexpectedly found himself confronted with so much magnificence. He cast one wild look about him, but saw that his retreat was cut off unless he displaced some of these gorgeous grandees. He tried then to shrink into himself, and finally stood helpless, like one paralyzed. In spite of republican institutions, there is, deep down in every Frenchman's heart, a respect and awe for official pageants sumptuously staged and costumed as this one was. But he likes to view them from afar, supported by his fellows, and abhors being thrust incongruously into the midst of things, as was the case with this panic-stricken engineer. As I passed out I cast a glance over my shoulder at the humble artisan, content with a profit of a few francs a day, and at the millionaire inventor opposite him. Edison's face, which, during the address, had been cold and impassive, reminding me vividly of a bust of Napoleon, was now all aglow with enthusiasm as he turned to his humble visitor. He cried joyfully to the workman:

"A minute's demonstration is worth an hour's explanation. I'll call around to-morrow at your shop about ten o'clock, and show you how to make the thing work."

I lingered in the hall until the Frenchman came out, then, introducing myself to him, asked the privilege of being at his shop next day at ten. This was accorded with that courtesy which you will always find among the industrial classes of France, and next day I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Edison. I complimented him on his invention of the incandescent electric light, and this was the reply that has ever remained in my memory.

"It was not an invention, but a discovery. We knew what we wanted, a carbonized tissue, which in a vacuum would withstand the electric current for, say, a thousand hours. If no such tissue existed, then the incandescent light, as we know it, could not have been possible. My assistants started out to find this tissue, and we simply carbonized everything we could get our hands on, and ran the current through it in a vacuum. At last we struck the right thing, as we were bound to if we kept on long enough, and the thing existed. Patience and hard work will overcome any obstacle."

This system has been of great assistance to me in my profession. I know the idea is prevalent that a detective arrives at his solutions in a dramatic way through following clews invisible to the ordinary man. This, doubtless, frequently happens, but, as a general thing, the patience and hard work which Mr. Edison commends is a much safer guide. Very often the following of excellent clews has led me to disaster, as was the case with my unfortunate attempt to solve the mystery of the five hundred diamonds.

As I was saying, I never think of the late Lord Chizelrigg without remembering Mr. Edison at the same time, and yet the two are very dissimilar. I suppose Lord Chizelrigg was the most useless man that ever lived, while Edison is the opposite.

One day my servant brought in to me a card on which was engraved, "Lord Chizelrigg."

"Show his lordship in," I said, and there appeared a young man of perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five, well dressed, and of most charming manners, who began his interview by asking a question such as never before had been addressed to me, and which, if put to a solicitor or other professional man, would have been answered with some indignation. Indeed, I believe it is a written or unwritten rule of the legal profession that the acceptance of such a proposal as Lord Chizelrigg made to me would, if proved, result in the disgrace and ruin of the lawyer.

"Monsieur Valmont," began Lord Chizelrigg, "do you ever take up cases on speculation?"

"On speculation, sir? I do not think I understand you."

His lordship blushed like a girl, and stammered slightly as he attempted an explanation.

"What I mean is, do you accept a case on a contingent fee? That is to say, Monsieur—er—well, not to put too fine a point upon it, no results, no pay."

I replied somewhat severely:

"Such an offer has never been made to me, and I may say at once that I should be compelled to decline were I favored with the opportunity. In the cases submitted to me I devote my time and attention to their solution. I try to deserve success, but I cannot command it, and as, in the interim, I must live, I am reluctantly compelled to make a charge for

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each complete in itself, but all dealing with adventures of the detective, Eugene Valmont.

my time, at least. I believe the doctor sends in his bill though the patient dies."

The young man laughed uneasily, and seemed almost too embarrassed to proceed, but finally he said:

"Your illustration strikes home with greater accuracy than you probably imagined when you uttered it. I have just paid my last penny to the physician who attended my late uncle, Lord Chizelrigg, who died six months ago. I am fully aware that the suggestion I made may seem like a reflection upon your skill, or, rather, it may be taken as implying a doubt regarding it. But I should be grieved, monsieur, if you fell into such an error. I could have come here and commissioned you to undertake some elucidation of the strange situation which confronts me, and I have no doubt you would have accepted the task if your numerous engagements had permitted. Then, if you had failed, I should have found myself unable to pay you, for I am practically bankrupt. My whole desire, therefore, was to make an honest beginning, and to let you know exactly how I stand. If you succeed I shall be a rich man; if you fail I shall be what I am now: penniless. Have I made it plain?"

"Perfectly plain, my lord, and your candor does you credit."

I was very much taken with the unassuming manners of the young man, and his evident desire to accept no service under false pretenses. When I had finished my sentence the young man arose to his feet and bowed.

"I am very much your debtor, monsieur, for your courtesy in seeing me, and can only beg pardon for occupying your time on a futile quest. I wish you good-morning, monsieur."

"One moment, my lord," I rejoined, waving him to his chair again. "Although I am unable to accept a commission on the terms you suggest, I may nevertheless be able to offer a hint or two that will prove of service to you. I think I remember the announcement of Lord Chizelrigg's death. He was eccentric, was he not?"

"Eccentric?" said the young man with a slight laugh, seating himself again. "Well, *rather!*"

"I vaguely remember that he was accredited with the possession of something like twenty thousand acres of land?"

"Twenty-seven thousand, as a matter of fact," rejoined my visitor.

"Have you fallen heir to the lands as well as to the title?"

"Yes; the estate was entailed. The old gentleman could not divert it from me if he would, and I rather suspect that fact must have been the cause of some worry to him."

"But surely, my lord, a man who owns, as one might say, a principality in this wealthy land of England cannot be penniless?"

Again the young man laughed.

"Well, no," he replied, thrusting his hand into his pocket and bringing to light a few brown coppers and a white silver piece; "I have enough on me to buy some food to-night, but not enough to invite you to dine with me at the Carlton Hotel. You see, it is like this: I belong to a somewhat ancient family, various members of which went the pace, and mortgaged their acres up to the hilt. I could not raise a penny further on my estates were I to try my hardest, because, at the time the money was lent, land was more valuable than it is to-day. Agricultural depression, and all that sort of thing, has, if I may put it so, left me a good many thousands worse off than if I had no land at all. Besides this, in my late uncle's time, Parliament, on his behalf, intervened once or twice, allowing him, in the first place, to cut valuable timber, and, in the second place, to sell the pictures of Chizelrigg Chase at Christie's for figures which make one's mouth water."

"And what became of the money?" I asked, whereupon once more this genial young man laughed.

"That is exactly what I came up in the lift to see if Monsieur Valmont could find out."

"My lord, you interest me," I said quite truly, with an uneasy apprehension that I should take up his case after all, for I liked the young man already. His lack of all pretense appealed to me, and that sympathy which is so universal among my countrymen enveloped him, as I may say, quite independent of my own will.

"My uncle," went on the young nobleman, "was somewhat of an anomaly in our family. He must have been a reversion to a very, very ancient type: a type of which we have no record. He was as miserly as his forefathers were prodigal. When he came into the title and estate, some twenty years ago, he dismissed the whole retinue of servants, and, indeed, was defendant in several cases at law where retainers of our family brought suit against him for wrongful dismissal, or dismissal without a penny's compensation in lieu of notice. I am pleased to say that he lost all his cases, and, when he pleaded poverty, got permission to sell a certain number of heirlooms to enable him to make compensation, and to give him something on which to live. These heirlooms at auction sold so unexpectedly well that it gave my uncle a taste, as it were, of what might be done. He could always prove that the rents went to the mortgagees, and that he had nothing on which to exist; so on several occasions he obtained permission from the courts to cut timber and to sell pictures until he denuded the estate and made an empty barn of the old manor-house. He himself lived like any laborer; sometimes as a carpenter, sometimes as a blacksmith; indeed, he made a blacksmith's shop of the library, one of the most noble rooms in England, containing thousands of valuable books which again and again he applied for permission to sell, but this privilege was never granted him. I find, on coming into the property, that my uncle quite persistently evaded the law, and depleted this superb collection surreptitiously, book by book, through dealers in London. This, of course, would have got him into deep trouble if it had been discovered before his death; but now the valuable volumes have gone, and I have no redress. Many of them are doubtless in America, or in museums."

"You wish me to trace them, perhaps?" I interpolated.

"Oh, no; they are past praying for. The old man made tens of thousands by the sale of the timber, and other tens of thousands by disposing of the pictures. Excepting the library, the house is denuded of its fine old furniture, which was immensely valuable; and then the books, as I have said, must have brought in the revenue of a prince, if he got anything like their true price, and you may be sure he was shrewd enough to know their worth. Since the last refusal of the courts to allow him further relief, as he termed it, which was some seven years ago, he has quite evidently been disposing of everything he could by private sale, in defiance of the law. At that time I was under age, but my guardians opposed his application to the courts, and demanded an account of the moneys already in his hands. The judges upheld the opposition of my guardians, and refused to allow a further spoliation of the estate, but they did not grant the accounting my guardians asked, because the proceeds of the former sales were entirely at the disposal of my uncle, and were sanctioned by the law to permit him to live as befitted his station. If he lived meagrely instead of lavishly, as my guardians contended, that, the judges said, was his affair, and there the matter ended.

"My uncle took a violent dislike to me on account of this opposition to his application, although, of course, I had nothing whatever to do with the matter. He lived like a hermit, mostly in the library, and was waited upon by an old man and his wife — and these three were the only inhabitants of a mansion that could comfortably house a hundred. He visited nobody, and would allow no one to approach Chizelrigg Chase. In order that all who had the misfortune to have dealings with him should continue to endure trouble after his death, he left what might be called a will, but which rather might be termed a letter to me. Here is a copy of it:

"*My dear Tom:* You will find your fortune between a couple of sheets of paper in the library.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"REGINALD MORAN, Earl of Chizelrigg."

"I should doubt if that were a legal will," said I.

"It doesn't need to be," replied the young man with a smile; "I am next-of-kin, and heir to everything he possessed, although, of course, he might have given his money elsewhere if he had chosen to do so. Why he did not bequeath it to some institution I do not know. He knew no one personally, except his own servants, whom he misused and starved; but, as he told them, he misused and starved himself, so they had no cause to grumble. He said he was treating them like one of the family. I suppose he thought it would cause me more worry and anxiety to conceal the money, and put me on the wrong scent, which I am convinced he has done, than to leave it openly to any person or charity."

THESE SHEETS SEEMED STRANGELY FAMILIAR

"I need not ask if you have searched the library?"

"Searched it? Why, there never was such a search since the world began!"

"Possibly you put the task into incompetent hands?"

"You are hinting, Monsieur Valmont, that I engaged others until my money was gone, then came to you with a speculative proposal. Let me assure you such is not the case. Incompetent hands, I grant you, but the hands were my own. For the past six months I have lived practically as my uncle lived. I have rummaged that library from floor to ceiling. It was left in a frightful state, littered with old newspapers, accounts, what not. Then, of course, there were the books remaining in the library, still a formidable collection."

"Was your uncle a religious man?"

"I could not say. I surmise not. You see, I was not personally acquainted with him, and never saw him until after his death. I fancy he was not religious, otherwise he could not have acted as he did. Still, he was a man of such twisted mentality that anything is possible."

"I knew a case once where an heir who expected a large sum of money was bequeathed a family Bible which he threw into the fire, learning afterward, to his dismay, that it contained many thousands of pounds in Bank of England notes, the object of the devisor being to induce the legatee to read the good Book or suffer through the neglect of it."

"I have searched the Scriptures," said the youthful earl with a laugh, "but the benefit has been moral rather than material."

"Is there any chance that your uncle has deposited his wealth in a bank, and has written a check for the amount, leaving it between two leaves of a book?"

"Anything is possible, monsieur, but I think that highly improbable. I have gone through every book page by page, and I suspect very few of the volumes have been opened for the past twenty years."

"How much money do you estimate he had accumulated?"

"He must have cleared more than a hundred thousand pounds. But, speaking of banking it, I would like to say that my uncle had a deep distrust of banks, and never drew a check in his life, so far as I am aware. All accounts were paid in gold by his old steward, who first brought the receipted bill in to my uncle, and then received the exact amount, after having left the room, and waiting until he was rung for, so that he might not learn anything of the repository from which my uncle drew his store. I believe if the money is ever found it will be in gold, and I am very sure that this will, if we may call it a will, was written to put us on the wrong scent."

"Have you had the library cleared out?"

"Oh, no; it is practically as my uncle left it. I realized that if I were to call in help it would be well to leave it undisturbed."

"You were quite right, my lord. You say you examined all the papers, however?"

"Yes, so far as that is concerned, the room has been very fairly gone over, but nothing that was in it the day my uncle died has been removed, not even his anvil."

"His anvil?"

"Yes; I told you he made a blacksmith's shop, as well as a bedroom, of the library. It is a huge room, with a great fireplace at one end which formed an excellent forge. He and the steward built the forge in the eastern fireplace of brick and clay, with their own hands, and erected there a second-hand blacksmith's bellows."

"What work did he do at his forge?"

"Anything that was required about the place. He seems to have been a very expert ironworker. He would never buy a new implement for the garden or the house as long as he could get one second-hand, and he never bought anything second-hand when at his forge he might repair whatever was already in use. He had an old cob on which he used to ride through the park, and he always put the shoes on this cob himself, the steward informs me. He made a carpenter's shop of the chief drawing-room, and erected a bench there. I think a very useful mechanic was spoiled when my uncle became an earl."

"You have been living at the Chase since your uncle died?"

"If you call it living, yes. The old steward and his wife have been looking after me, as they looked after my uncle, and seeing me, day after day, coatless and covered with dust, I imagine they think me a second edition of the old man."

"Does the steward know the money is missing?"

"No; no one knows it but myself. This will was left on the anvil, in an envelope addressed to me."

"Your statement is exceedingly clear, Lord Chizelrigg, but I confess I don't see much daylight through it. Is there a pleasant country around Chizelrigg Chase?"

"Very; especially at this season of the year. In autumn and winter the house is a little drafty. It needs several thousand pounds to put it in repair."

"Drafts do not matter at this season. I have been long enough in England not to share the fear of my countrymen for a *courant d'air*. Have you a spare bed in the manor-house, or shall I take down a cot with me, or let us say a hammock?"

"Really," stammered the earl, blushing again, "you must not think I detailed all these circumstances in order to influence you to take up what may be a hopeless case. Of course, I am deeply interested, and therefore somewhat prone to be carried away when I begin a recital of my uncle's eccentricities. If I have your permission I will call on you again in a month. To tell you the truth, I borrowed a little money from the old steward, and have come to London to see my legal advisers, hoping that, in the circumstances, I may get permission to sell something that will keep me from starvation.

"When I spoke of the house being denuded," he continued, "I meant relatively, of course. There are still a good many antiquities which would doubtless bring me in a comfortable sum of money. I have been borne up by the belief that I should find my uncle's gold. Lately, I have been beset by a suspicion that the old gentleman thought the library the only valuable asset left, and for that reason wrote his note, thinking I should be afraid to sell anything from the room. The old rascal must have made a pot of money out of those shelves. The catalogue shows that there was a copy of the first book printed in England by Caxton, and several priceless Shakespeares, as well as many other volumes that a collector would give a small fortune for. All these are gone. I think that, when I show this to be the case, the authorities cannot refuse me the right to sell something, and, if I get this permission, I shall at once call upon you."

"Nonsense, Lord Chizelrigg. Put your application in motion, if you like. Meanwhile, I beg of you to look upon me as a more substantial banker than your old steward. Let us enjoy a good dinner together at the Carlton to-night, if you will do me the honor to be my guest. To-morrow we can leave for Chizelrigg Chase. How far is it?"

"About three hours," replied the young man, becoming as red as a new Queen Anne villa. "Really, Monsieur Valmont, you overwhelm me with your kindness, and I accept your generous offer in the same spirit that it is tendered."

"Then that's settled. What's the name of the old steward?"

"Higgins."

"You are certain he has no knowledge of the hiding-place of this treasure?"

"Oh, absolutely sure! My uncle was not a man to make a confidant of any one: least of all an old babbler like Higgins."

"Quite so. Well, I should prefer to be introduced to Higgins as a benighted foreigner. That will make him despise me, and treat me like a child."

"Oh, I say!" protested the earl. "I should have thought you'd lived long enough in England to have got out of the notion that we do not appreciate the foreigner. Indeed, we are the only nation in the world that extends a cordial welcome to him, rich or poor."

"*Certainement*, my lord, I should be deeply disappointed did you not take me at my proper valuation, but I have no delusions concerning the contempt with which Higgins will regard me. He will look upon me as a sort of simpleton to whom the Lord has been unkind by not making England my native land. Now, Higgins must be led to believe that I am in his own class—that is, a servant of yours. Higgins and I will gossip over the fire together, should these spring evenings prove chilly, and before two or three weeks have passed I shall have learned much about your uncle that you never dreamed of. Higgins will talk more freely with a fellow-servant than with his master, however greatly he may respect that master, and then, as I am a foreigner, he will babble down to my comprehension, and I shall get details that he would never think of giving to a fellow-countryman."

The young earl's modesty in such description of his home as he had given me left me totally unprepared for the grandeur of the mansion, one corner of which he inhabited. It was such a place as you read of in the romances of the Middle Ages—not a pinnacled or turreted French château of that period, but a beautiful and substantial stone manor-house of a ruddy color, the warm hue of which seemed to add a softness to the severity of its architecture. It was built around an outer and an inner courtyard, and might house a thousand rather than the hundred with which its owner had accredited it. This superb residence occupied the centre of a heavily timbered park, and from the lodge at the gates we drove at least a mile and a half under the grandest avenue of old oaks I have ever seen. It seemed incredible that the owner of all this should actually lack the ready money to pay his fare to town. Old Higgins had met us at the station with a somewhat rickety cart to which was attached the ancient cob that the late earl used to shoe.

We entered a noble hall, which probably looked the larger because of the entire absence of any kind of furniture, unless two complete suits of venerable armor which stood on either hand might be considered as furnishing. I laughed aloud when the door was shut, and the sound echoed like the merriment of ghosts from the dim, timbered roof above me.

HE HAD NEVER SEEN THE EARL SO ANGRY BEFORE

"What are you laughing at?" asked the earl.

"I am laughing to see you put your modern hat on that mediæval helmet."

"Oh, that's it? Well, put yours on the other. I mean no disrespect to the ancestor who wore this suit, but we are short of the harmless, necessary bat-rack, so I put my topper on the antique helmet, and thrust the umbrella (if I have one) in behind here, and down one of his legs. Since I have come into possession a very crafty-looking dealer from London visited me, and attempted to sound me as to parting with this armor. I gathered he would give enough money to keep me in new suits, London made, for the rest of my life, but when I endeavored to find out if he had had commercial dealings with my uncle he became frightened and bolted. I imagine that if I had possessed presence of mind enough to lure him into one of our most uncomfortable dungeons I might have learned where some of the family treasures went. Come up these stairs, Monsieur Valmont, and I will show you your room. We have no lift like your flat in London."

We had lunched on the train coming down, so after a wash in my own room I went at once to inspect the library.

It proved indeed a most noble apartment, and it had been scandalously used by the old reprobate. There were two huge fireplaces, one in the middle of the north wall, and the other at the eastern end. In the latter had been erected a rude brick forge, and here hung a great black bellows, smoky with usage. On a wooden block lay the anvil, and around it several hammers, large and small. At the western end was a glorious window filled with ancient stained glass which might have adorned a cathedral. Extensive as the collection of books was, the great size of this chamber made it necessary that only the outside wall should be covered with bookcases, and even these were divided here and there by tall windows. The opposite wall was blank, with the exception of a picture here or there, and these pictures were a further insult to the room, for they were cheap prints, mostly colored lithographs that had appeared in Christmas numbers of London weekly journals, encased in poverty-stricken frames, and hung from nails ruthlessly driven in above them. The floor was covered with a litter of papers, in some places knee-deep, and in the corner farthest from the forge still stood the bed on which the ancient miser had died.

"Looks like a stable, doesn't it?" said the earl when I had finished my inspection. "I am sure the old boy simply filled it up with this rubbish so as to give me the trouble of examining it. Higgins tells me that up to within a month before he died the room was reasonably clear of all this truck. Of course, it had to be, or the place would have caught fire from the sparks of the forge. The old man made Higgins gather all the papers he could find anywhere about the place, ancient accounts, newspapers, and what not; even to the brown wrapping paper, you see, in which parcels came, and commanded him to strew the floor with them, because, as he complained, Higgins' boots on the boards made too much noise; and Higgins, who is not in the least of an inquiring mind, accepted this explanation as entirely meeting the case."

Higgins proved to be a garrulous old fellow, who needed no urging to talk about his late master. Indeed, it was almost impossible to deflect his conversation into any other channel. Twenty years' intimacy with the eccentric earl had largely obliterated that sense of deference with which an English servant usually approaches his master. An English underling's idea of nobility is the man who never by any possibility works with his hands. The fact that the old earl had toiled at the carpenter's bench, had mixed cement in the drawing-room, had caused the anvil to ring out till midnight, aroused no admiration in Higgins' mind. In addition to this, the ancient nobleman had been penuriously strict in his examination of accounts, exacting the uttermost farthing, so that his humble servitor regarded his memory with supreme contempt. I had realized before the drive was finished from the station to Chizelrigg Chase that there was little use in introducing me to Higgins as a foreigner and a fellow servant. I found myself completely unable to understand what the old fellow said. His dialect was as unknown to me as the Choctaw language would have been, and the young earl had to act as interpreter on the occasions when we set this garrulous old talking-machine going.

The Earl of Chizelrigg, with the enthusiasm of a boy, proclaimed himself my pupil and assistant, and said he would do whatever he was told. His thorough and fruitless search of the library had convinced him that the old man was merely chaffing him, as he put it, by leaving such a letter as he had written. His lordship was certain that the money had been hidden somewhere else; probably buried under one of the trees in the park. Of course, this was possible, and represented the usual method by which a stupid person conceals treasure; yet I did not think it probable. All conversations with Higgins showed the earl to have been an extremely suspicious man—suspicious of banks, suspicious even of banknotes, suspicious of every person on earth, not omitting Higgins himself. Therefore, as I told his nephew, the miser would never allow the fortune out of his sight and immediate reach.

From the first the oddity of having the forge and anvil in his bedroom struck me as peculiar, and I said to the young man:

"I'll stake my reputation that forge or anvil, or both, contains the secret. You see, the old gentleman worked sometimes till midnight, for Higgins could hear his hammering. If he used hard coal on the forge the fire would last through the night, and as he was in continual terror of thieves, as Higgins says, barricading the castle every evening before dark as if it were a fortress, he was bound to place the treasure in the most unlikely spot for a thief to get at it. Now the coal fire would be burning hot all night, and if the gold was in the forge underneath the fire it would be extremely difficult to get at. A robber rummaging in the dark would burn his fingers in more senses than one. As his lordship kept no less than four loaded revolvers under his pillow, all he had to do if a burglar entered his room was to allow the search to go on until the thief began at the forge; then, doubtless, as the earl had the range with reasonable accuracy night or day, he might sit up in bed and blaze away with revolver after revolver. There were twenty-eight shots that could be fired

in about double as many seconds; so you see the robber would have little chance in the face of such a fusillade. I propose that we dismantle the forge."

The young man was much taken by my reasoning, and one morning early we cut down the big bellows, tore it open, found it empty, then took brick after brick from the forge with a crowbar, for the old man had builded stronger than he knew with Portland cement. In fact, when we cleared away the rubbish between the bricks and the core of the furnace, we came upon one cube of cement which was as hard as granite. With the aid of Higgins, and a set of rollers and levers, we managed to get this block out in the park, and attempted to crush it with the sledge-hammers pertaining to the forge, in which we were entirely unsuccessful. The more it resisted our efforts the more certain we became that the coins would be found within it. As this would not be treasure-trove to which the Government might lay claim, there was no particular necessity for secrecy, so we had a man up from the mines near by, with drills and dynamite, who speedily shattered the block into a million pieces, more or less. Alas, there was no trace in its débris of "pay dirt," as the Western miner puts it! While the dynamite expert was on the spot we had him shatter the anvil as well as the block of cement, and the workman, doubtless thinking the new earl was as insane as the old one had been, shouldered his tools and went back to his mine.

The young man reverted to his opinion that the gold was concealed in the park, while I held even more firmly to my own that the fortune was in the library.

"It is obvious," I said to him, "that if the treasure is buried outside some one must have dug the hole. A man so timorous and so reticent as your uncle would allow no one to do this but himself. Higgins maintained the other evening that all picks and spades were safely locked up by himself each night in the tool-house. The mansion itself was barricaded with such exceeding care that it would have been difficult for your uncle to get outside even if he wished to do so. Then, such a man as your uncle is described to be would continually wish to have ocular demonstration that his savings were safe. Such ocular demonstration would be practically impossible if the gold had found a grave in the park. I propose now that we abandon violence and dynamite, and proceed to an intellectual search of the library."

"Very well," replied the young earl. "As I have already searched the library very thoroughly, your use of the word 'intellectual' is not in accord with your customary politeness. However, I am with you."

"Pardon me, my lord," I said; "I used the word 'intellectual' in contradistinction to the word 'dynamite.' It had no reference to your former search. I merely propose that we now abandon the aid of chemical reaction, and employ the much greater force of mental activity. Did you notice any writing on the margins of the newspapers you examined?"

"No, I did not."

"Is it possible that there could have been a communication on the white border of any newspaper?"

"It is, of course, possible."

"Then you will set yourself to the task of glancing over the margin of every newspaper, and piling them away in another room. Do not destroy anything, but we must completely clear out the library. I am interested in the accounts, and will examine them."

It was exceedingly tedious work, but after several days the young man reported every margin scrutinized without result, while I had collected each bill and written memorandum, and had classified them according to date. I could not get rid of a suspicion that the contrary old beast had written instructions for the finding of the treasure on the margin of some newspaper, or on the border or flyleaf of a book, and as I looked at the thousands of volumes still left in the library, the prospect of such a toilsome and minute search appalled me. But I remembered Edison's words to the effect that if a thing exists, search, exhaustive enough, will find it. From the mass of accounts I had selected several; the rest I put in another room, alongside the heap of the earl's newspapers.

"Now," said I to the young man, "if it pleases you, we will have Higgins in, as I wish some explanation of these accounts."

"Perhaps I can assist you," said his lordship, drawing up his chair opposite where I had the statements spread out on a table in the partially cleared library. "I have lived here for six months, and have about as good a knowledge of things as Higgins. He is so difficult to stop when once he begins to talk. What is the first account upon which you wish further light?"

"To go back thirteen years, I find that your uncle bought a second-hand safe in Sheffield. Here is the bill for it. I consider it necessary to find that safe."

"Pray forgive me, Monsieur Valmont!" cried the young man, springing to his feet and laughing. "So heavy an article as a safe should not slip readily from a man's memory, but it did from mine. The safe was empty, and I gave no more thought to it."

Saying this, the earl went to one of the bookcases that stood against the wall, pulled it around as if it were a door, books and all, and displayed the front of an iron safe, the door of which he also drew open, exhibiting only an empty interior.

"I came on this," he said, "when I took down all these volumes. It appears that there was once a secret door leading out of the library into the adjoining room; the walls were very thick. My uncle doubtless had this door taken off its hinges and the safe placed in the aperture, the rest of which he then bricked up."

"Quite so," said I, endeavoring to conceal my disappointment. "As this strong-box was bought second-hand and not made to order, I suppose there can be no secret crannies in it?"

"It looks like a common or garden safe," reported my assistant; "but we'll have it out if you say so."

"Not just now," I replied; "we've had enough of dynamite to make us feel like housebreakers already."

"I agree with you. What's the next thing on the program?"

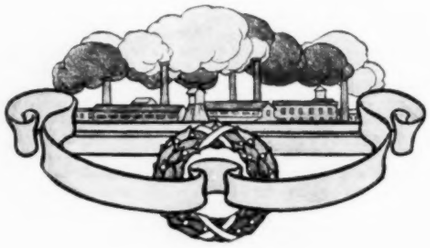
"Your uncle's mania for buying things at second-hand was broken in three instances, as far as I have been able to learn from a scrutiny of these accounts. About four years ago he bought a new book from Denny & Co., the well-known booksellers of the Strand. They deal only in new books. Is there any comparatively new book in the library?"

(Concluded on Page 20)

The Business Man's Bogey-Man

How Fear of Trusts Gags and Shackles the Average Business Man

By J. J. DICKINSON



WHETHER the machinations of all the huge up-to-date aggregations of capital popularly called trusts are as wicked as they are represented to be by most of the people who declaim against them is not specially pertinent to this discussion. It is certain, however, that nearly the entire substrata of the business structure of the country are a-tremble with fear. They dread that the concerns which tower mountain-high above them may have real or imaginary cause to show them displeasure, and bring utter desolation and ruin to interests and men that are struggling mightily to gain the dazzling prize for which it seems all Americans are in a wild, mad rush—great wealth. To put what I mean in another form can perhaps best be done by asking this blunt question: Are all business men cowards? Does the awful itch for gold make men rabbit hearted? Is this the meaning of "commercialism"?—a word of honorable origin which has become an opprobrious epithet.

It is not intended to say that the business men in mind are not possessed in as large a degree as other men of that commonest of animal traits—physical courage. When the combined armies were being disposed in battle-line to meet the terrible onslaughts of Napoleon's seasoned legions at Waterloo, the colonel of a British regiment, who was reputed to be a coward, was contemptuously twitted by a group of braggarts because his teeth chattered and his whole frame shook with fear. "The difference between you and me," tremblingly responded the tortured one to the taunts of his tormentors, "is that, if any one of you were as badly scared as I am, you would run away right now, whereas I shall stay at my post and do my duty." And he did. That man's conduct was an expression of courage in its highest form. In a varied experience of twenty years I have encountered the same sublimated form of courage in men and women of all walks of life in the doing of the things that come strictly within the line of personal duty. But in our business world to-day can any one cite many instances of David and Goliath?

During the past year I have been brought in intimate contact with business men in all parts of the country. On a Government mission bearing upon certain trust investigations, I have crisscrossed the continent twice. I have in this period been in daily touch with "commercialism" from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. I have been astounded to discover that commercialism's devotees fear the Trust more than they do the Government; that they are more eager to do the bidding of the Trust than that of the Government. I have also discovered that your real, robust Trust is a good deal like a burglar who will run or beg for mercy if you get the drop on him first. Perhaps, if the business community could be made to realize this, the Trust problem would soon be very appreciably minimized, if not completely solved.

It is, of course, the fault of the complaining and terrorized business men themselves that the Trust bogey is stalking over the land. If they only had the courage they could run the Octopus to his hole and keep him there, or pluck out his tentacles by the roots and render him harmless. But at present the necessary courage is lacking in them. Like a lot of children who have listened long to old women's tales and to wondrous nursery stories, their imaginations have magnified the strength and multiplied the terrors of the Trust. Not that the Trust is not in reality possessed of the giant's strength and the character of the bully. Nor is it meant that the Trust does not, when necessary, practice the tactics of the brute bully. But, somehow, it has come to pass that the business man who would, unarmed, grapple with a highwayman in the dark, or fight a neighbor twice his size, shrinks back and trembles until his teeth clatter when he is asked by the Government to come out in the open and help check and destroy the Trust devilment of which he complains in secret.

In this sense every big, dominant institution or group of Captains of Industry, Kings of Finance, etc., in the country are here considered as a Trust in their respective fields. This indictment of cowardice, then, is brought against nearly the entire body of business men, for it is not possible to think of a single line of industry, from banking to boot-blacking, that is not headed and dominated by a Trust in this view of the question. Thus, terror racks the nervous organization of the whole business body. Naturally it follows that this nerve-rack is communicated to the men in those fields of endeavor that are not included in the generic term "business"—the professions: lawyers, clergymen, editors, writers and teachers. It goes without saying, of course, that the law-makers and executors, and, to a greater or less extent, the courts, are affected by this common feeling of terror that broods over the business world like a deadly contagion. The dread black plague never affrighted the simple souls of the teeming millions of India more. The pity of it all is that the terror-stricken masses are looking with childlike hope to that impalpable thing known as the Federal Government for relief; not to Congress—not to the men whom their votes have made a part of the law-making power—but to the President. Yes, more; they are looking not to the President, but to the man Roosevelt—their "Teddy, the Terror of Evil-doers." In this view of the case, how many thoroughly sane and well-ordered Americans are there who would want to assume the terrible burden of responsibility that rests upon the shoulders of Theodore Roosevelt? Atlas' load is to it as a feather pillow to a bag of lead. And if the President, through any cause, fails to do something to lessen this widespread terrorization, will he not go out of the White House in 1909 loathed instead of loved? If he succeeds in finding a remedy that will cure the Trust-provoked neurasthenia, then politicians to the rear and anti-third-term tradition to the limbo of things that are obsolete, *nolens volens*, Mr. Roosevelt!

Perhaps the conclusion is not far-fetched that temperamental quality accounts for the ease with which business men fall victims to the plague of Trust-terror now rampant in the United States. Trite though the observation may be, it is

nevertheless a fact that, speaking generally, all business men are alike—alike in methods, alike in viewpoint, alike in honesty. Of course, there are exceptions both to the rule of temperamental identity and business methods. There are scores of business men in widely separated communities who are as unafraid as were any of King Arthur's knights who rode out against superior foes, some of them fighting from the impulse of principle and some for the sheer joy of combat. But apparently these have not the power to leaven the lump. They belong to that class which, if put to rout in the business battle, has other resources of mind and character for entertainment and the application of surplus energy. If defeat, failure, bankruptcy come to them they can take their pipes and fishing-tackle, or guns and dogs, or books and pictures and find surcease from sorrow without feeling that humiliation and despair is to be their bitter lot until they so deport themselves by genuflexions and other meek signs of submission that the Trust bogey will permit them again to live and move and have their being.

One such man lives in Philadelphia. For more than thirty years he has been fighting the Standard Oil Company just because, as he says, he believes he has had more real fun than he could have had had he accepted any one of more than a half-dozen money-making offers to sell out to that all-absorbing and insatiate concern. Three times within that period he has been driven to the wall and stripped utterly of his fortune. But each time, brave of heart and cheery of spirit, he has begun again at the bottom and built up. To-day he is more prosperous than at any time in his career, and actually expresses regret that in a measure the Standard has stopped fighting him. One wonders if this Philadelphian were not intended for soldier or poet instead of a business man.

It is useless to state that this man is not afraid to tell openly, freely and to the uttermost detail what he knows about the methods of the Standard Oil Company to anybody who has any proper claim to his time or his information. There are many other business men in the country who are as fearless as the Philadelphia oil-merchant, but in comparison with the mass the land over they are so few in number as to be veritable oases in the American business Sahara—especially to the eyes of the representative of the Government charged with the fascinating mission of gathering information as to the methods and conduct of trusts and other large aggregations of capital that strive to monopolize special lines of industry and wealth-production. The conduct of the Philadelphian is chivalrous, but it is not business. Chivalry is magnificent, but it is not commercialism.

An Instance of the Terror in Missouri

THAT cowardice of the kind here under review is the rule in business is susceptible of ample proof by examples selected at random from the crowded experience of one year. One of the best-known men of Kansas City—a financier, a clubman, pillar of the church—was, until a few years ago, connected in an important capacity with one of the big interests which the Government has been investigating with the view of determining the mooted question as to whether or not it is a trust or combine within the meaning of the law. Denying at first that he had any knowledge of the inside workings of the interest under inquiry, he was eventually driven from this position by argument which the inquisitor brought to bear against it. With a feigned apology that he did not know the Government was pursuing the line of investigation made plain to him by his caller, he then reluctantly consented to tell what he knew of the methods and policies of the concerns being inquired into, but only on the stipulated condition that the information he might impart would be treated in the strictest confidence by the visiting agent and the authorities at Washington.

"Should these men," said he—meaning the alleged trust magnates whose methods and relations he had consented to help expose—"ever learn that I have given them away they would ruin me and reduce my family to poverty and want. Not only that, but they would not let up until they had driven me out of Kansas City. I should find every avenue of remunerative employment closed to me here, and I should be forced to seek a new field and start life all over again."

In vain it was attempted to convince this timid Kansas City man that he had exaggerated not only the power but the vengefulness of the men with whom he was once associated.

"I have known many a man to be ruined by them for offenses much less grave than the one I am now committing by trying to help the Government make the investigation a success." That was his self-sufficient response to my suggestion; then, as if a new terror suddenly had seized his mind, he sprang from his chair and fairly hissed at me: "Why, I'll bet one or more of their detectives shadowed you to my office and are now hanging around this building to report just how long you were with me! The only way I can now save myself from the danger of being immediately put on their black-list is for you to permit me to accompany you out of this office, down through the hallway and out of the building to the street, appearing by my manner and speech to be very angry that you had come to me for help, and assuring you in a tone that can be unmistakably heard by everybody we meet that you are on the wrong scent, and that I know nothing that could be of any possible service to the Government!"

I agreed to his ruse, and before we had reached the elevator of the building my host's feigned resentment had become real, so narrow is the dividing line between fear and anger.

A few months later this man went to the trouble and expense involved in a trip from Kansas City to Washington and return to beg of me not to use in any way the information he had given me. Not until he was assured that I would comply with his request did he return home in even a half comfortable state of mind. Yet his name would be good for thousands of dollars at any Kansas City bank.

The Difficulty of Getting at the Truth

IN New York City there is a middle-aged man of excellent repute who has been made very unhappy by revelations he made to me in an ebullition of good-fellowship concerning the relations between a great railroad and a great industrial enterprise. Until about eighteen months ago this gentleman was in a position in the service of the railroad in question whereby he was enabled to become somewhat intimately informed of a discriminatory traffic arrangement entered into by the transportation company with the great industrial enterprise. He quit the railroad service to engage in business on his own account and is having gratifying success. About a week after he had imparted to me valuable information in the line of testimony the Government was then gathering in its investigation of an alleged monopoly, the unhappy New Yorker traced me to Buffalo and, without warning, turned up at my hotel there with an almost tearful plea that I withdraw any report I may have made to the authorities at Washington of the extremely interesting testimony he had given me.

He backed up his plea with the statement that he had received a hint that both parties to the unlawful traffic arrangement were holding him under the ban of suspicion, having learned in some way that he had been in private conference with me, and that, if he were exposed, it would mean his ruin. I pointed out to him that the business in which he was engaged was in no manner, either actually or prospectively, competitive to that of the great industrial company whose wrathful vengeance he so much feared, and that, therefore, he could not be hurt. I also pointed out to him that, as a shipper, he ought to feel that the railroad involved should desire to keep on amicable terms with him instead of conspiring with a huge but non-competitive shipper to do him harm.

These arguments, however, did not quiet his fears. Nor was his trepidation lessened by every positive assurance I could vouchsafe to him that official safeguards would be thrown around his revelations at Washington; that under the organic law of the Department which I represented the only persons entitled to see the report were the two highest officials of the Department and the President.

"But," he urged, "some Congressman, or some clerk, might get hold of it and tell the railroad people all about it! Then I would be made to suffer, and I doubt very much that the Government would gain anything, because the only hope to save myself would be in an outright public denial that I had told you those things or had, in fact, ever seen you."

Confronted by such a stern situation as this, my only course was retreat, and so I withheld what would have been a pertinent and valuable report.

Away out upon the Plain of Laramie, girt round by the Rocky Mountains and the Black Hills and strewn with the bleached bones and skulls of thousands of buffalo, there lives a philosopher and a gentleman. His domicile is thirty miles from the nearest railroad station. For companions he has hounds and cattle and sheep. His most frequent and numerous visitors are the slinking coyote and the predatory grizzly bear. But he is happy and free and wholesome. He hasn't lived there many years. It is not a long time since he was a business man in one of the largest cities of the Central West. "I saved this out of the wreck," he said, sweeping his hands over the stretches of barren acres inclosed within his fence.

His business in the populous city of the Central West had been dealing in the raw product of a commodity that is used by every man, woman and child in the United States. The men who convert this raw material into the finished product, and who, by so doing, have built up some of the most colossal fortunes in America, are alleged to be in a trust or combine that violates the law. One of the first voices that was raised against them was that of the philosopher and gentleman who now resides upon the gloomy and arid Plain of Laramie. They threatened, but he persisted in crying out against them. He lost all of his money, but continued to fight them. Finally, tiring of the unequal combat, he retreated to the foothills of the Rockies.

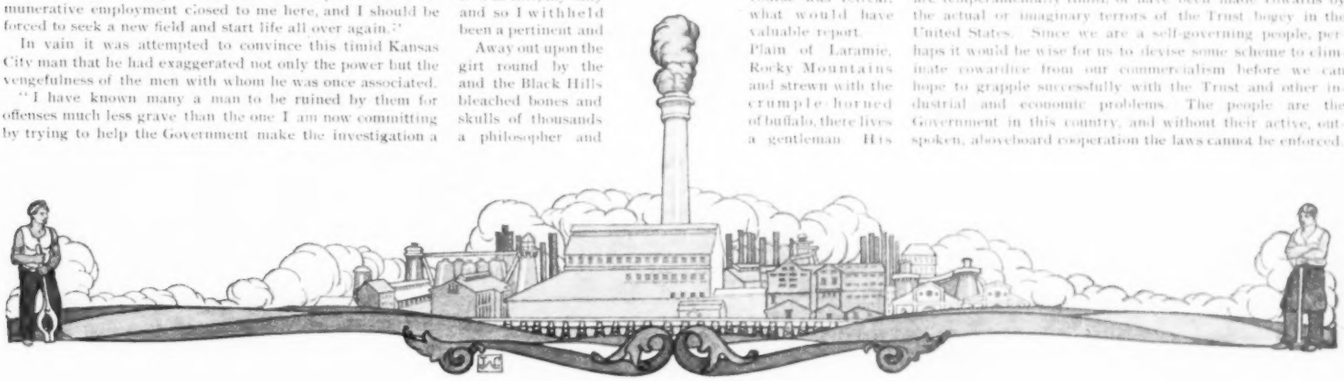
"They are still pursuing me," he declared, "but I am having a better time than they are, for the Government is now after them and they can't tell what it is liable to do to them, whereas I have all the earth you see around you to bustle in by day and am assured of restful sleep at night. I know that my dogs and cattle and sheep like me, and I verily believe that even the marauding coyotes and grizzly bears have learned to like me. But who, save their own immediate families, like those fellows that drove me out here?" Now, it would be delightful to relate that this man freely volunteered to come out in the open with testimony he holds against the men whom he honestly believes caused his financial downfall. It would give a heroic tinge to this plain, unvarnished narrative. But it was impossible to bring him around to that view. He seemed actually to be convinced that, should he be instrumental in aiding the Government to convict his old-time enemies of violating the anti-trust laws, they would, somehow, contrive to dispossess him of his ranch and his cattle and his sheep.

A Real Test of Courage

IN ONE of the clean, pretty towns that, diamond-like, stud the San Joaquin Valley of California there is a free-born American citizen whose valor upon the field of war is attested by the scars of bullet-wounds received while he was a color-bearer in the Confederate army. He has a prosperous manufacturing establishment that is engaged in the same line of business which a powerful group of magnates far to the east of him are alleged to dominate to the hurt of the nation through an illegal combination. Recently this group has acquired control of the largest concern at San Francisco in its line of business. This is not a matter of knowledge, but of widespread suspicion on the Pacific Coast at present. But even the suspicion is sufficient to affright the souls of the business men in that region engaged directly in the same line or collateral interests.

It was desirable to secure from the manufacturer in the San Joaquin Valley an accurate estimate from his bookkeeping accounts of his profits and cost of production, in order to institute a reliable basis of comparison between the independent concerns on the Coast and the one that was known to be the property of the "Trust" in the East. The San Joaquin man declined to give the information sought for two reasons: First, he feared the Trust would construe such conduct on his part as an overt act and would single him out for slaughter; and, second, if the railroads with which he is compelled to deal should learn that his profits were high, they would immediately raise the rates on his raw materials and his finished product, on the ground that they were entitled to enjoy a greater proportion of his prosperity than they had been getting.

These examples are selected at random from many scores pointing to the one conclusion—that business men, as a rule, are temperamentally timid, or have been made cowards by the actual or imaginary terrors of the Trust bogey in the United States. Since we are a self-governing people, perhaps it would be wise for us to devise some scheme to eliminate cowardice from our commercialism before we can hope to grapple successfully with the Trust and other industrial and economic problems. The people are the Government in this country, and without their active, outspoken, aboveboard cooperation the laws cannot be enforced.



A RETURN TO NATURE

In Which Love is Demonstrated, if Not Proved, by Fire

BY MARK LEE LUTHER

Author of The Mastery, The Henchman, etc.

"JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES, AND MASTER OF 'EM, TOO"

IT'S a droll place — the Sunset Inn," said Constance.

Oliver's glance returned upon the pink-cheeked convalescent for whose sake the Mills family had migrated thirty miles from a railroad.

"But how preposterously healthy," he answered. "Look at that ravenous phalanx in the rockers. For that matter, look at yourself or mother. I can see, too, that it has braced John P."

Mrs. Mills smiled without taking her tranquil eyes from the mountains. The head of the family emitted a skeptical grunt behind the mass of city newspapers with which the son's arrival had salted existence. The daughter laughed.

"Father grows as laconic as Zoroaster Barnes," she said.

"Zoroaster Barnes!" Oliver sipped the exotic flavor of the name. "The proprietor, isn't he?"

John Mills plumped dryly into the conversation.

"Landlord, clerk, steward, head waiter, first fiddle in the hotel orchestra Saturday nights," he enumerated; "captain, pilot, mate and engineer of that naphtha pumpkinseed down in the lake; carpenter, mason, plumber, postmaster, police-force, tax-collector, and king-pin of the stage monopoly through the Notch — that's Z. Barnes to date, Jack-of-all-trades, and master of 'em, too."

"You'll observe he rather admires Zoroaster," dropped Constance. "He has spent the month in cataloguing his accomplishments. Some new one crops out every day."

"At any rate he's a man," John Mills retorted. "There's more stamina in his little finger than you could squeeze from Apollo's whole outfit with a hydraulic press."

This classical allusion bewildered Oliver.

"He means Mr. Crane," explained the girl. "When you meet you will notice that he does convey a rather cameolike impression. According to Mrs. Van Sickle," she went on, with a mischievous glance at her father, "his blood is the bluest of the blue. According to himself, he is a true ancient born out of his century. That he cannot wear a toga is his chief regret. He is highly educated, speaks several languages, belongs to all sorts of societies, is knight of this and son of ——"

"He's a son of rest," completed her father, baited past silent endurance; "as shiftless a pill as ever hit the pike. That's Apollo's calibre."

Mrs. Mills came charitably to the rescue.

"Mr. Crane is very polite," she said. "He fetches chairs for all the ladies."

"Bosh!" exploded her husband. "Mother, you'd even find a redeeming streak in the Van Sickle woman."

"Why, yes," smiled his wife. "Only to-day ——"

"Ahem," cautioned Constance. "Oliver, do look at those superb shadows on the peaks."

Her brother dexterously embraced both the mountain range and Mrs. Cordelia Van Sickle in his survey, and was at a loss to decide which seemed the more distant, majestic and hazardous of approach. The fact that her gown had long survived the heyday of its youth and fashion detracted neither from the austere dignity of her bearing nor from its withering effect upon the beholder. Her recognition of the Mills family, if recognition it may be styled, could by no flight of fancy be fixed at more than a degree warmer than a cut direct. It must be recorded, however, that few of their neighbors of the veranda fared better.

Oliver questioned his people silently. His mother wore her usual benign smile, Constance a grin, John Mills a look of ineffable disgust. His sister murmured a word of explanation.

"Mrs. Van Sickle is a Knickerbocker by marriage," she smiled.

"And out-Herods the Dutch!"

"Exactly. She has summered here many years. She says she comes for the air. The veranda tabbies say it is to marry off her daughters. At all events, two of them found husbands here. That little imp teasing the dog is her son Lispenard."

Oliver's attention suddenly flagged. Winding up the path from the shore of the little lake came a young person with copper gleams in her hair and peach blossoms in her cheeks. Her eyes he pronounced brown velvet, and then, as she spoke to the man who bore her sunshade, he told himself that her speech was velvet, too. Ascending the steps, she made as if to pause by Constance's chair, but, seeing the newcomer, hid from her till now by a woodbine-covered pillar, she passed by with a nod and a smile which deftly included every member of the group save him. He rounded upon these favored beings.

"What miracle brought her into the backwoods?" he demanded.

Constance enjoyed his wonder.

"Mrs. Van Sickle," she said.

"Mrs. Van Sickle!" he puzzled. "She's her chaperon — her aunt, perhaps?"

"No. Merely her mother."

"Say her auctioneer," bluntly contributed John Mills. "That's the plain English of it. The nincompoop juggling the parasol is the latest bidder."

"Father!" Constance pretended great horror. "You're speaking of one of *the* Cranes of Connecticut."

"I know his godlike breed all right," answered her parent grimly. "Apollo's grandfather got in on the ground floor of the non-shrinkable underwear industry, which explains why this piffling third edition can clip coupons."

Oliver watched Mrs. Van Sickle mellow at Mr. Crane's approach and drew his conclusions.

"And is Miss Georgiana as dutiful as she is beautiful?" he asked.

"I wonder!" said Constance thoughtfully.

He asked her to present him later, but Mr. Crane, of Connecticut, danced a nearly continuous attendance, and the right chance did not befall. Once, when a likely opening seemed imminent, it was blocked by what struck Oliver as a deliberate manœuvre on the part of Mrs. Van Sickle, whereupon he waved the matter aside.

"The lack of it won't spoil my week," he remarked loftily.

"Your week!" echoed his sister. "Father said there was no reason why you shouldn't stay a month. The M., Q. & B. won't stop running."

"I'm half promised for a yachting trip," he returned, following Georgiana's exit with painstaking indifference. "It's to be a man's affair, I'm happy to say. There'll not be a petticoat on the horizon."

Yet meet Georgiana he did, Mrs. Van Sickle notwithstanding. Nor was Constance the medium. Turning shoreward from a plunge in the lake next morning he met the approving gaze of Master Lispenard, who, clad for bathing himself, still lingered upon the landing.

"You're a bully swimmer," said the boy.

The young man received the tribute gravely.

"Swim yourself, don't you?" he asked, supporting himself beneath the stringpiece of the little dock.

"Oh, I just paddle around," rejoined the twelve-year-old in a tone of apology. "I wish I knew that long stroke of yours."

"Jump in, then. I'll teach you before breakfast."

The lad slid one leg into the wet, and was gingerly advancing its mate, when there came a light running footfall upon the planking, a cry of "In with you, faint heart!" and over their heads shot a lithe apparition in blue serge which cut the water with a faultless dive.

"Great guns!" ejaculated Oliver. "What was that?"

"Just Georgiana," said the youngster calmly. "I was waiting for her."

The girl emerged like a cork, shook the drops from her face, and, perceiving the still amazed gentleman below the stringpiece, dimpled into a laugh.

"I hope you'll pardon me," she called. "I never dreamed I was diving over you."

Lispenard, fairly in at last, literally rose to the situation.

"Georgie," he sang out, "this is Mr. Mills. He's going to teach me a dandy stroke."

Oliver applied himself to the lesson, found the boy an apt pupil and told him so. Lispenard grew vain.

"This beats your way, Georgie," he bragged. "Pay attention!"

His sister had been rather more mindful than he supposed. She not only admitted the superiority of the new method, but added that she should like to learn it herself; whereupon the master obligingly enlarged his class.

For a long interval Lispenard continued blissfully to practice within easy reach of shore, but feeling at length the need of further instruction, not to say praise, he looked around and discovered into what callous isolation he had fallen.

"Hey!" he shrilled across the waters. "Where do I come in?"

They put about at that, but his protest failed of its just weight, owing to young Mr. Mills' preoccupation with the fact that, unlike most girls', the runaway locks below Georgiana's waterproof cap only curled the more bewitchingly for a wetting. To Master Van Sickle's added disgust, the day's lesson now came to an abrupt end. However, Oliver mapped out an alluring program for the morrow, which, by a skillful implication she did not gainsay, he assumed that the sister would share.

He found pressing need to recall that tacit assent, for, although he was in due course presented to Mrs. Cordelia Van Sickle and favored with her valued opinion of the air at Sunset Inn, the restrictions which had hedged the daughter last evening made themselves as convincingly felt to-day, with, as before, the rather more than passive aid of Georgiana herself. In a word, Mr. Crane, of Connecticut, was in exclusive possession of the field. That lively invalid, Constance, having an inkling of the morning's adventure, was much amused by the comedy — so deeply amused, in fact, that her brother, to whom its humor was less pungent, sagely decided to keep his hope of a happy sequel to himself. This was fortunate, for in the morning he swam alone.

"I — I LOCKED IT," HE CONFESSED, EXHIBITING THE TELLTALE KEY

Oliver told himself that explanations were superfluous. Yet he would have been more, or less, than human had he not felt a quickened interest that ensuing forenoon when Lispenard dogged him up a mountain trail and with a juvenile lack of ceremony broached the topic which lay near both their hearts.

"Unless you'll swim with the hens," he said dejectedly, "I'll never get that stroke right."

"With the hens?"

"Well, that's what Georgiana said when mother told us we must bathe afternoons. All the fussy old women and the men softies like Mr. Crane go in at four o'clock. They've got a beach round the point where you couldn't drown a pussy-cat."

His auditor burned to know whether it was likewise Georgiana who had labeled the cameo-faced gentleman from Connecticut a "softy," but he refrained from forcing Lispenard's tender confidence.

"I think I'll stick to the dock," he commented.

The child's thoughts took another channel.

"What is a nuvoreach?" he inquired.

"A what?"

"A nuvoreach," repeated Lispenard emphatically. "A nuvoreach. It's something mother said about your family."

"Oh!" gasped Oliver, a dazzling light breaking. "It is probably *nouveaux riches* you are driving at. It means—well, in one way, it means people who have not had their wealth long."

"And is that why your father calls Mrs. Mills 'mother' and you call him 'John P.'?"

Oliver colored angrily, but reminded himself that he dealt with an echo, and contrived to shunt the innocent catechist's attention to a chipmunk. This proved merely a respite. Lispenard held a question in reserve.

"And is it true that your father was once a brakeman on a railroad?" he demanded. "Mr. Crane said he was."

Oliver hesitated before he answered. Then, choosing a fallen log, he sat down with the boy and told him the story of John Mills' hard-fought rise from a brakeman's job to the presidency of the vast M., Q. & B.

For a space Lispenard meditated, chin in hand. Then:

"I think that's pretty fine," he declared. "So does Georgiana."

Oliver stared.

"What does she know about it?"

"Only what Mr. Crane said," the boy replied carelessly. "He thought it was a joke."

When they presently retraced their way to the inn Lispenard, as a proof of his regard, pointed out a sheltered natural seat with a wide outlook over valley, lake and mountains.

"Georgiana found this," he said, adding naively: "She made me promise not to tell Mr. Crane. You mustn't tell, either."

"I won't," assured his companion heartily.

Thus fortified, Oliver witnessed with composure the spectacle of Georgiana in the tame ranks of the four-o'clocks, and refused to be cast down because to the eye of veranda gossip Mr. Crane's star seemed, during the succeeding days, to soar steadily in the ascendent. When Mrs. Van Sickle met his modest advances with hostile front, and her daughter with neutrality, he merely reflected that he knew what he knew, and bided his time with the patience which is said to set true greatness apart from lesser clay.

Early in the forenoon of the sixth day of his stay he perceived that his hour had struck. The outward and visible sign was Mr. Crane, a questing, perturbed spirit whom not even Mrs. Van Sickle seemed able to reassure. The invisible token was Georgiana, the leafy curtain of whose eyrie Oliver parted some twenty minutes later with an edifying imitation of astonishment.

Georgiana's mirthful eyes warned him that his surprise, if not his delight, was overacted, and he abandoned the mask forthwith.

"I'll not pretend I didn't know," he owned. "May I stay?"

The girl dimpled distractingly.

"It's public land," she said.

This was at a quarter before ten o'clock. Two minutes later it was noon and they were parting at the foot of the trail just out of eyeshot of the inn.

"May I come again?" he petitioned.

"How can you? You go to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"So Constance thought. She mentioned a cruise, a men's affair."

"There'll be one man missing," he declared roundly. "Answer my question, please. May I come again?"

Once more Georgiana dimpled. Once more: "It's public land," she said.

He broke into happy laughter.

"Which I've found means 'yes'!" he cried.

The second week galloped into a third, and presently the fourth was treading close upon the month's end, when late one afternoon John Mills and the landlord, issuing from a by-path, came suddenly upon another parting at the foot of the trail.

The girl passed on with a word of greeting. Oliver joined the men, a wave of crimson deepening his tan. His father hailed him jovially.

"What do you think!" he laughed. "Barnes has still another iron in the fire. When snow flies he turns coal-dealer. He's a partner in a city firm."

Zoroaster Barnes coughed deprecatingly.

"A silent partner," he corrected.

"That goes without saying," put in Oliver.

When the landlord had taken himself off, John Mills bent a shrewd look upon his son.

"Summer girl, or all the year round?" he queried.

The young man met his gaze squarely.

"Father, I want her."

"Get her," said John Mills.

"But I'm not quite sure of Georgiana. She—she puzzles me."

The elder man's mouth twitched, but he held to his solemnity.

WITH A NOD AND A SMILE WHICH DEFTLY INCLUDED EVERY MEMBER OF THE GROUP SAVE HIM

"And I know," his son continued, "that Mrs. Van Sickle will fairly congeal at the thought. Yet, perhaps, I ought to speak to her first."

John Mills' stick whistled through the air and beheaded a thistle.

"When I was a colt we interviewed the girl first," he remarked tersely. "Has that way gone out of fashion?"

"But Mrs. Van Sickle"—Oliver waved his hand comprehensively—"well, she's Mrs. Van Sickle."

John Mills' eyes grew reminiscent.

"Your mother's father didn't cotton to her marrying a train-dispatcher," he said. "But I brought him around."

The young man laughed outright at this dry summary of a spirited elopement, but he said no more of his own romance, and his father liked his reticence.

Approaching the inn, they fell in with Mrs. Van Sickle squired by Mr. Crane. The lady was in remarkable spirits, and, greeting them with unprecedented graciousness, walked chatting in their company to the very door. Mr. Crane, too, seemed wonderfully exhilarated. He moved in silence for the most part, but it was a sublimated silence, and his commonly languid eye glowed with a zest in modern life as rare as it was enviable. He ate his supper in the same happy abstraction, casting now and then a glance in the direction of Mrs. Van Sickle, who, with amazing impartiality, continued to beam alike upon the long-descended and the dazed wights who could not name their great-grandfathers at all.

Oliver, on the other hand, was the prey of care. Georgiana had not appeared in the dining-room despite his very particular request that she would don a very particular dress by which he set very particular store. Lispenard, whom he came upon bottling fireflies in the dusk, could offer no lucid reason for his sister's absence; while Constance, to whom he next appealed, merely suggested a headache, a theory which he, picturing Georgiana as he had left her, scouted utterly. Yet it was ultimately Constance who shed light. Hard upon nine o'clock she sought him in the dim corner where he smoked and laid a gentle hand upon his arm.

"I've a bit of news," she said reluctantly. "It's not good news, but it is something I thought perhaps you'd rather hear from me than——"

His chair grated stridently and she wavered.

"Out with it," he bade. "It—it is about Georgiana?"

"Yes." Constance's fingers slid down his sleeve and met his own. "It's about Georgiana. Mrs. Van Sickle has been confiding to all and sundry that she has arranged an alliance—I'm quoting her own silly words—an alliance with Mr. Crane."

He sat a long time glooming silently into a clump of firs where a choir of katydids chanted an endless antiphony. Then, thanking her with a handclasp, he strode abruptly away. Half-way down the veranda he came upon his rival, standing alone, and on impulse addressed him.

"I congratulate you," he said grimly.

Mr. Crane looked less happy than he should. Of a truth he was miserably embarrassed.

"But—but——" he fidgeted, a blush mantling his delicate cheek; "I—you—that is to say, Mrs. Van Sickle's announcement is premature. Miss Georgiana has yet to be approached by—by me."

His auditor's eyes rounded; likewise his lips.

"Oh!" said he, and darted indoors.

The big camplike living-room held but two persons. Zoroaster Barnes' long figure was coiled over a ledger in the tiny alcove which did duty as office. On the first landing of the stair Master Van Sickle and the cat were employed in electrical research. Oliver mounted to the boy and asked a question. Lispenard answered without an upward glance from his fur-rubbing, nor knew, till he craved a more appreciative witness than the animal, that his friend had gone.

When Oliver returned to the veranda the guests of the Sunset Inn had mostly betaken themselves to bed. His own family were nowhere to be seen. Mrs. Van Sickle he had passed in an upper corridor. Mr. Crane, who had buttonholed a newcomer, was expounding his familiar views upon the superiority of the costume of the ancients, but this lone listener presently detached himself and the neo-pagan, too, went within. Oliver drew a deep breath. The mountains had never been so inspiring, the moon so lustrous, the stars so brilliant; it seemed to him that Venus distinguished herself especially.

Zoroaster Barnes began closing shutters.

"A fine night," caroled Oliver as they passed one another.

Zoroaster grinned.

"I cal'late there'll be risin' temperature an' squalls t' follow," he observed.

Rise the temperature did, though in a slavishly literal sense which Mr. Barnes scarcely anticipated. At three o'clock the Sunset Inn was in flames.

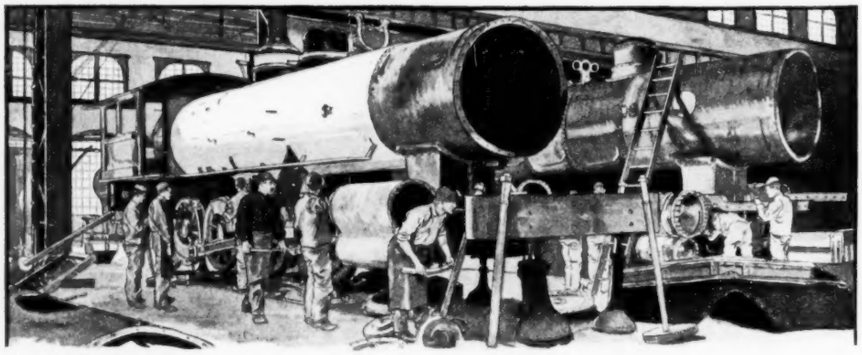
The Mills family's rooms neighbored the main stairway and safety, and being assured that his father was amply capable of caring for Mrs. Mills and Constance, Oliver sped through the already hazing corridors to aid in rousing the house. Georgiana answered his summons at her door, Mrs. Van Sickle and Lispenard at theirs. Mr. Crane, an agitated figure in pink pajamas, was bundling a queer assortment of neckwear, photographs and paper-covered fiction into a sheet. Calling to him to lend the Van Sickles a hand, Oliver ran on and upward to the burning third story, where Zoroaster Barnes was thundering at door after door.

There was short shrift here, but between them the two men emptied every room, and, driving a disheveled flock of women before—themselves spurred on by a shower of sparks from falling rafters behind—they gained the second floor. But this was become a perilous quarter, too. The stair they had just trod flowered into a hundred jetting poppies of flame; the hall before was filled with a stifling yellow fog in which the oil lamps glowed dully. Save one, however, the abutting rooms all yawned tenantless. This exception was Mrs. Van Sickle's. Not only was her door still shut, but, to Oliver's consternation, locked. He shouted her name above the evil din, and, getting no answer, hurled himself against the panels, calling meanwhile upon Barnes for help. The landlord neither saw nor heard, busied as he was in clearing a panic-stricken block at the head of the final staircase, and Oliver flung himself again and again upon the stubborn barrier. He was near the end of his strength when at last the lock gave, and he fell prone across the threshold of a vacant room. Then it was, as he labored to rise, that he heard John Mills' reassuring voice, and half staggering, half dragged, somehow reached the open, breathed again the pure balsam-freighted air, and with his smoke-blurred eyes beheld, first sight of all, the lady he had placed himself in such needless jeopardy to rescue.

(Continued on Page 21)

Taking a Line of Locomotives on the Road—By Henry Harrison Lewis

THE RUN OF THE "GRINGO" FLYER



SELLING American commodities abroad is not exactly the same as selling them within the confines of your own country. The man who can take his sample-case in one hand and his coupon ticket in the other, with a route map carefully tucked away in his inside pocket, and the surety of well-satisfied customers before him, travels a comparatively easy road.

I never have had that kind of experience. My work has been in foreign climes, where such obstacles as race hatred, national prejudice and unscrupulous rivalry meet you at every door, and where the conservatism of your own firm in the matter of credits adds a great deal to your many troubles.

Furthermore, my line of goods is not one in use by every family.

I sell locomotives.

There is one thing in favor of that particular brand of goods, however—the salesman is not bothered with samples. There is no trudging from door to door, with an undersized boy, carrying an oversized sample-case, tagging at your heels. The locomotive salesman leads a gentleman's life, as a rule. He travels well at the expense of his firm, riding first-class on sea and land, puts up at the best hotels, and deals with governments and corporations, and not with petty shopkeepers who buy six dozen of this and two hundred pounds of that.

But there comes a time when, presto! he has to shed his top hat and his good clothes, and turn to the overalls and spanner of a mechanic. Such a time does not come very often, but when it does the occasion means work a-plenty and the sort of "hustle" that can be found only under the starry banner of the United States.

I found myself doing just this not so very long ago. Before I got through with the occasion I felt ready for the simple life. A month of my time had crowded into it more experience of human nature and the general cussedness of man than had ever before fallen to my lot. But that's anticipating.

I was on my way to Chile, via the Straits of Magellan, to look into the possibilities of trade with a new government road then nearing completion, when a cable message was handed to me at Montevideo, where we had stopped for coal and to let off passengers bound for Uruguay and the Argentine.

The message was brief but imperative. It ran about as follows:

Wait Rosario. Shipped engine June fourth for trial Central Norte. Full instructions by mail. Acknowledge receipt.

This was quite a surprise. I had not known of any activity in the locomotive line in Argentina except that the Central Norte, which ran from Cordova to Tucuman, had about decided to extend its road. This had not interested us very much, as it was well known that the members of the board of directors, who were English to a man, were strongly in favor of their own brand of engines.

The cable message called for no discussion, however. It meant that I was to proceed to Rosario, some two hundred miles up the River Plate above Buenos Ayres, and there await the arrival of the trial locomotive.

Under ordinary conditions I should have regarded the prospect as one indicating merely routine work, but the Central Norte outfit had been my particular "fly in the amber" for some time. The house had sold to other roads in the country, even including the Ferro-Carril Buenos Ayres al Pacifico, the line running between Buenos Ayres and Villa Mercedes, notoriously anti-Yankee, but we hadn't been given the slightest show with the Norte.

Not only was my curiosity piqued as to the manner in which the house had been permitted to enter a trial engine, but I also felt that I had the chance of my life to get a whack at some rival salesmen of my acquaintance, Englishmen whom I had met on more than one continent.

This may seem rather childish to you, but perhaps you have little conception of the intensity of feeling existing between rival salesmen in foreign countries, and especially the strong hatred of the American salesman felt by his contemporaries of other nationalities. The one bugbear of the German and the Englishman is the possibility of what is popularly called "the American invasion." The wonderful growth of American industries, the virile, strenuous life of our country, the boundless possibilities of American commerce, and the undoubted success that has attended our few efforts at exporting, have combined to create in the minds of foreign manufacturers and merchants a most wholesome dread of the "Yankee trader."

It is an undoubted fact that the slightest move made by the American manufacturer is known by his prototype in Manchester or Stettin. Every new invention is watched and carefully copied, if possible. If an American article finds favor in South America, or elsewhere, a German or English imitation is made and sold at less price. It is also an undoubted fact that some of the more important German houses maintain a regular espionage system by which paid employees are sent to the United States to enter the service of the large American manufactories. There is no question that not only German spies, but English as well, are employed in the works of the houses I have represented.

Once, while setting up several locomotives near Sergieff, Russia, I met a German salesman who seemed to take considerable interest in the operation. He loafed about the open space where we worked, and finally I noticed that his eagerness increased when we prepared to couple up the drivers. I don't know why, but I suddenly remembered that the superintendent at home was experimenting with a new crank-pin from which he expected great results. The reason for the German's curiosity came to me like a flash. His house had received private advices from a spy. Wheeling on him I said meaningly:

"Sorry to disappoint you, but we haven't got them yet."

The fellow reddened and turned to go, but before he had taken many steps I had a spanner under his long nose. Probably the cold metal touched the organ, for he loped off in a way that was funny.

A Little Trickery in Japan

THERE is no doubt in my mind that the war of international competition is more bitter in the railroad field than in almost any other class of export material. The average locomotive costs about $10,000, and railroads use anywhere from twenty to two hundred, which means a large item. A foreign order for engines represents a sum worth striving for, so it can be understood that even trickery of the worse kind is practiced by rival houses—yes, and by rival salesmen, too.

It has not been forgotten how the representative of an American locomotive works almost lost an order in Japan through an underhand trick on the part of a foreign competitor. A test was to be made on the Kiushiu Railway, and three different firms entered locomotives for the trial: an English firm, a German and an American. All three engines made fair records with their consumption of fuel and oil, and in repairs, but when the final test for speed and endurance took place the American engine failed miserably. Her bearings heated unaccountably and her injectors broke down on the road.

The man in charge was no quitter. He went over the machine, working night and day with a Japanese expert detailed at his earnest solicitation, and it was finally discovered that some one had found an opportunity just before the trial to drop a little emery dust in the oil-cups, and when the injectors were examined several buckshot were found imbedded in the valves. There was only one explanation. The trick must have been done the evening before the trial, and by a member of the crew. Suspicion was directed toward a Swede. The fellow skipped out between suns, and if my memory serves me right, McIlhone, the representative in charge, chased him clear to Hongkong, where he finally escaped. The American locomotives were ordered.

I have had several little experiences myself; enough, in fact, to make me exceedingly wary when superintending a trial anywhere, and I had a feeling that I would find it to my interest to keep both eyes on the move when I tackled the coming job on the Central Norte. To add to the situation, a second cable message came from the house stating that the crew detailed to accompany the locomotive had missed the steamer.

I had heard in the mean time, moreover, that the trial of engines on the Norte had been scheduled to take place on July 15, which would barely give me time to assemble the locomotive immediately on its arrival at Rosario, and to get it in good working order, so I cabled the house to hold the crew and that I would "go it alone."

This meant that I would have to work with a pick-up crew in a hostile land, but it was the best that could be done in the circumstances.

As I had six or seven days on my hands, I loafed about Montevideo for a while, and then took the river boat for Buenos Ayres. On board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer which had brought me from Liverpool was a young American chap making his first trip to South America as a salesman. He represented a Boston shoe house, and had a great deal to learn in his business. His previous experience had been acquired in the Middle Atlantic States, where nothing more Spanish than a cigar label can be found. He told me that he had taken ten Spanish lessons at a dollar per lesson, and from the wreck he made of it I guess that he lost money.

He traveled with me to Buenos Ayres, and I tried to tell him a few things about conditions, and ways and means to sell his stuff. He had letters to the American Minister and the Consul, and a letter of credit which was worth more to him than the other two, but he was about as well equipped for the work as a Sioux Indian is to hold a royal levee.

The house that sent him abroad to work up their foreign trade made a mistake that seems common enough. Notwithstanding the efforts made during the past few years to educate our merchants and manufacturers in the ethics of export sales, it is no unusual thing to see men sent out, especially to South and Central America, with hardly enough experience to enable them to sell in the home market.

A traveling salesman who represents an exporting house must possess a complete knowledge of the goods he has to sell and a knowledge of the language of the country to which he is sent. He must have a sufficient

understanding of the code of ordinary manners and business etiquette of the country he is visiting to guard against mistakes which, although seemingly unimportant, might affect the success of his mission.

For instance, I remember being at Rio Janeiro several years ago endeavoring to sell a side line of railway material to the Corcovado Inclined Railway there. While knocking about town I made the acquaintance of an American representing a cotton-goods house. He was making a tour of South American towns, and said he would be able to devote five days of his valuable time to Rio.

"But, my friend," I said to him, "you surely do not believe you can see your customers in that time."

"Why not?" he replied confidently. "There are not so many. I have a list of six firms that are important, and not more than four of the small fry. At home we could do that in no time. It's dead easy."

"There's a German here who has been more than a month trying to cover the town," I told him. "He says he hasn't scratched it yet."

"Humph! he's slow. Just watch me."

Ten days later I met the man again. He was strolling through the Botanical Gardens, and seemed fairly disconsolate.

"It's on me, old man," he confessed. "I lose. I have seen four men and have sold one. I guess I am too strenuous for this climate. The first man I tackled has that emporium near the First of March Street. I strolled in with my little grip and sent my card to the proprietor. Presently he came forward and greeted me most effusively. I immediately saw a bill of goods a yard long.

"'I am so delight,' he said in broken English; 'ver' glad to see you. It ees the nice day. Come have coffee.'

"He led me to a coffee-shop in the neighborhood, and I am darned if he didn't talk my arm off about the weather, the 'bee-eautiful' climate, the scenery and the latest revolution. Finally I had a chance to mention my line of goods. You should have seen him. He drew up his shoulders, spread out his arms and grinned like a cat. 'My mos' amiable frien',' he said politely, 'why talk the business when the weather ect is so lovely? You do me the honor to call, say nex' week, and then we see. Zank you!'

"I called on him three times before he would let me show my samples—then he didn't buy a rag. Said he was stocked up. Bought from the German chap, I believe. I have written the house to extend my time thirty years. Wouldn't it kill you?"

The biggest rock on which inexperienced American salesmen, and, in fact, their firms, split is the credit custom of the country. Doing business in foreign countries is like firing one of the new sixteen-inch guns; you hear the report, but it is some time before you see the results.

Seeking Justice with a Club

AMERICAN houses do not like that kind of business, but when they make an effort to sell stuff for export they ought to be willing to accept the terms of the country. In the Argentine Republic, for instance, wholesale business is generally conducted on the basis of six months' credit. For sales to the smaller dealers the terms are in some cases cash and in others credit of from one to five months. For cash payments discounts run as high as six per cent.

The large European houses, having been a long time in the field, do not hesitate to grant six months' credit to firms of good standing. American exporters, on the other hand, generally insist upon cash against bill of lading, or some sort of security before delivery. This extreme caution has been the principal bar to the extension of trade in South America.

Another pointer that should be known in connection with the selling of goods in the Argentine Republic is that sales of merchandise in any way pertaining to the agricultural industries are made from May to September, while in dry-goods, especially those for the winter months, sales are effected from October to January.

But to get back to my own little affair.

I left my American friend trying to break into the Buenos Ayres trade with his smattering of Spanish that sounded like a cross between an Eskimo dirge and a leaky air-pump, and took the train for Rosario. Five days later the tramp steamer Dumfries came into port with my engine.

The letter of instructions had preceded it by three days. There was little news in the letter that I had not discounted. The house, always aggressive, had poured out money in cabling until it finally succeeded in obtaining permission to enter an engine for the trial. The house assumed all liabilities, and simply asked a fighting chance, which was granted, although reluctantly. The instructions to me were to do the very best I could, and not to spare expense.

In the mean time, by a rare stroke of luck, I had met with an old acquaintance named Martin, an expert engine-driver, who had worked for the house several years previous. I knew that he had gone South, but had not heard that he had drifted into the Argentine Republic. His story was brief—and typical.

He had pulled a throttle on the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway until a whim of fate had sent a drunken peon across his right-of-way one dark night. The peon left him a legacy of a year in prison, which is the usual Argentine penalty when a "gringo" engine-driver runs over a native of the soil, and Mart was just free.

He heard my story and made haste to accept my request to join in the campaign against the Philistines. He had some news for me, too.

"This explains why that English chap with the flat wheel is loafing around here," he said. "You know the *hombre* I mean. He sells for the Leeds works. He crippled his foot during the *temblor* in Callao."

I knew the man well enough. We had fought for the Russian trade during one whole year, and I had found him ready and willing at any time to win by fair means or foul. He was a good salesman, and could have secured his share of the trade by legitimate means, but he wasn't satisfied with that.

"So Brewster is on the job, eh?" I said to Mart. "That means trouble. What with the Norte directors prejudiced against Yankee engines, and this chap Brewster ready to handicap us, we have our work cut out."

It was with considerable difficulty that I picked up enough men to asemble the engine. Mart and I worked like beavers, and there was not a second of the time, day or night, that the locomotive was left unguarded by one of us. The Rosario Company was kind enough to give us the use of their *talleres*, or shops, which included a hefty sort of crane, and in record time, considering the circumstances, we had the "A-1" under her own steam, and the right-of-way to Cordova.

It was not until we were ready to leave that Brewster showed up. I had decided to take the throttle and had made Mart my fireman, a job he was willing to accept for the good of the cause. As I was oiling around for the last time I saw Brewster picking his way across the tracks.

He was a tall, ungainly-looking man, lean of face, and with arms unusually long. His shoulders stooped and his head wagged from side to side as he walked. The only beard he wore consisted of two grizzled tufts of hair under the ears. He stopped half a dozen feet away and called out with a grin:

"Hullo, old chap!"

"Hullo, Brewster," I replied composedly. "How are things up Leeds way?"

"We are keeping alive, thankee," he answered, coming a step nearer. "That's a bally fine engine you have there. One of your latest?"

I nodded.

"A long ways from home, ain't she? Intended for the Rosario road, I suppose. Well, they need a few engines—for show."

The sneer in the man's voice riled me. I knew the slur implied. He had said the same thing in Russia when I sold fourteen engines over his head. I carefully wiped my oil-can with a bit of waste, handed it up to Mart, and then put one foot on the step leading to the gangway.

"Mr. Brewster," I said, looking back at him, "we've known each other now going on seven years. We've had our little differences in more than one country, and I am rather inclined to think that we will have a little difference up toward Cordova. I am bound there now, as you know very well, and I intend to do my best to rake off that order of the Central Norte for my house. You are here for the same purpose, but the best engine will win."

I climbed up and threw the reversing lever forward, then grasped the throttle, and leaned out of the cab window.

"Remember what I say," I added solemnly, "the best engine will win—if there is a fair field and no favor. And bark you, Mr. Brewster, if there isn't a fair field, I think I will get justice from some one if I have to go after it with a club."

I gave her steam and we rolled off, leaving the Englishman staring after us with his head slouched forward, and his mouth open. When we turned the edge of the main shop he was still standing there.

When we reached Cordova I found the situation about as I had expected. The general manager of the Central Norte, whose name was Duncan, believed in the American type of locomotive, but his directors could see nothing good in an engine built anywhere but in an English shop by English workmen after an English pattern. So strong was this prejudice that Mr. Duncan, who was liberal minded, had not even been able to adopt the American system of roundhouse.

When I was down there last they were still using the "running shed," as they called it, which was simply a steel-framed, galvanized iron-covered, oblong structure containing five or six tracks. The locomotives as they came in from the road would be shunted in one after the other, and if it should happen, which was sometimes the case, that an engine in the middle was needed, and there was an engine under minor repairs on the outside of it, it became necessary to couple up the outside engine and drag it from the shed to get at the other.

"All I can say to you is what I have written your house," said the general manager when I reported to him. "We are about to order ten engines for use on our new extension. The locomotive your people have sent down seems to agree to the general specifications. Now it remains to be seen if it is superior to the English engine in coal consumption, economy of oil, in endurance and in speed. It will have to be superior," he added significantly, "if it is adopted."

The End of the First Round

I KNEW what he meant. There would be no "draw" in this game. The "A-1" would have to excel to win. I felt, however, that the general manager would be impartial, and that was all I wanted.

During the next two weeks the "A-1" and her English competitor—really a fine specimen of the British type—were worked over the road hauling goods and passenger trains indiscriminately. Brewster handled the throttle on his engine and I looked after the American locomotive with the assistance of Mart. There were no words bandied between Brewster and myself. I gave him the time of day when we met, but that was all. Mart reported to me shortly after we began the endurance test that the Englishman and several of his friends had offered to lay wagers on the success of the British engine with some of the Americans living in Cordova.

"Brewster told a chap at the Café Venus last night that the A-1 would be sold as scrap iron before we got through with the trial," he added. "Brewster is a *mal hombre*, and I think he's dangerous."

"He's only blowing," I replied carelessly. "He wouldn't dare do anything Mr. Duncan could find out."

This belief did not cause me to lessen my watch, however. Mart and I took turns sleeping on the engine, but the end of the endurance test came without anything happening.

When the report was made by the "*jefe de talleres*," or chief of the shops, it showed that the British locomotive was way ahead in the use of oil, but we beat it on the consumption of coal by at least three tons, which was rather surprising. The advantage was due to Mart, who was a great fireman. The repairs were so trivial on both engines that the item was not considered.

That afternoon the general manager sent for me.

(Continued on Page 23)

The Memoirs of an American

By ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.

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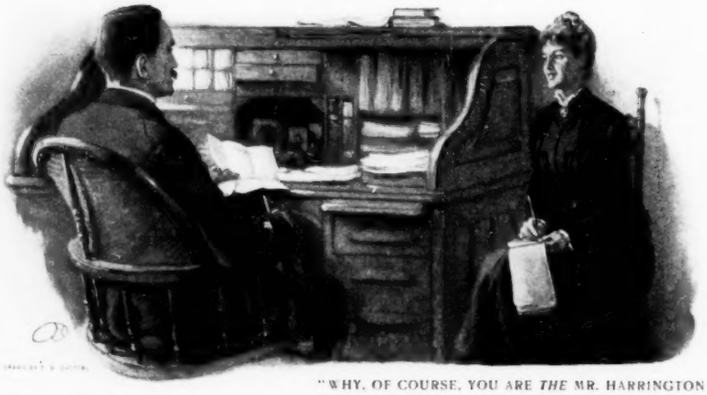

"WHY, OF COURSE, YOU ARE *THE* MR. HARRINGTON WHO—— BUT YOU HAVE CHANGED!"

CHAPTER X

IT WAS a hot day in August about three years after the trial; I was sitting in Carmichael's office trying to get a breath of air from his west windows. I called old Peters and asked him to send me a stenographer.

"Haven't a good one in the place, Mr. Harrington," he said. "All the smart ones are off on their vacation. There's Miss Gentles, though—the old man generally keeps her for himself—but he's gone home by this time."

"Send up anything so long as it can write!"

"Well, *she* ain't much good," Peters replied.

I had my head down behind my desk when the stenographer came in, and I began to dictate without looking up. These stenographer ladies were all of a piece to me—pert, knowing misses—all but Miss Harben: she was fifty and sour, and took my letters like biting off thread. This one evidently wasn't in her class, for pretty soon she sang out:

"Please wait! I can't go so fast."

So I waited, and looked up to see what I had to do with. She was a good-looking, ladylike person, with a mass of lovely brown hair and long brown eyelashes. She was different from the other girls in the office, and yet it seemed to me I had seen her before. She was dressed in black, a sort of half mourning, I judged. Pretty soon she got stuck again and asked me to repeat. She looked at me imploringly.

"I am not very good," she said with a smile.

"No, you are not," I replied.

She laughed at my blunt answer: laughed pleasantly like a lady who knows how to turn off a harsh truth, not flirtatiously, like most of her profession.

"Been long at it?" I asked the next time she broke down.

"Not so very. I graduated at the school about six months ago, and I have always worked for Mr. Dround since then. He doesn't talk so fast as you do, not nearly."

She smiled again at me, frankly and naturally. Suddenly I remembered where I had seen that face before, and when she looked up again I said:

"Did you ever find that purse, Miss Gentles?"

She looked puzzled at first, then a light spread over her face, and she stammered:

"Why, of course, you are *the* Mr. Harrington who—— But you have changed!"

"Rather! And the light wasn't good in the police-station that morning."

Miss Gentles leaned back in her chair and laughed, a blush spreading prettily over her face.

"It's all so funny!" she exclaimed.

"Funnier now than it was then," I admitted.

"I am very glad to meet you again. No, I never found that purse. The judge still twits me, when he sees me, about changing my mind. He thinks——" Then she stopped in embarrassment, and it was some time before I found out what the judge did think.

"Have you been back to that place in Indiana?" she asked. And we had quite a chat. She talked to me like a young lady who was receiving a caller in her father's house. It took a long time to finish the few letters I had started to write. When she went I got up and opened the door for her. I had to.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Harrington," she said, holding out her hand. "I am so glad to have met you again."

Old Peters, who was in the outer office, looked at us in considerable surprise. When Miss Gentles had gone he remarked in a gossiping way:

"So you know the young woman?"

"I met her once years ago," I admitted. "How did she land here? She doesn't seem to have had much experience as a stenographer."

"No, she hasn't. Her father died several years ago, and didn't leave a cent. He was a very popular doctor, though—a Southerner. They lived kind of high, I guess, while there was anything. The Drounds knew them in their better days, and when the doctor died Mrs. Dround tried to help the girl in one way and another. Then they fixed up this job for her. I guess Mr. Dround don't work her very hard. Sorry you were troubled. We'll see that you get a rattler the next time, Mr. Harrington," he ended. The men in the office were pretty nice to "Mr. Harrington" these days!

"Oh, she isn't so bad!" I said to Peters. For I rather looked forward to seeing the pretty, pleasant-mannered girl again. "I'd just as soon have Miss Gentles next week when Mr. Dround goes East, if no one else wants her."

Old Peters had a twinkle in his eyes as he answered:

"Just as you say, Mr. Harrington."

So I came to see a good deal of Miss Gentles that summer while Mr. Dround was away on his vacation. I can't say that Miss Gentles developed much business ability. She forgot most things with a wonderful ease, and she was never very accurate. But she tried hard, and it seemed to worry her so when I pointed out her mistakes that I took to having in another stenographer in the afternoon to finish what she hadn't done in the morning.

Miss Gentles boarded with an old aunt of her mother's near where Slocum and I lived. I gathered the aunt and her husband were not very kind to her. Very likely they thought she ought to marry, having good looks and no money. Miss Gentles let me call on her, and before the summer was over we were pretty well acquainted. A long time the thought of May had kept me from looking at a woman, for I always saw that little white face and those searching eyes, and heard that mocking laugh. But Miss Gentles was so different from May that she never made me think of the woman I had once loved.

I took Slocum to call on my new acquaintance, but they didn't get on well together. She thought his old Yankee ways were hard, and I suppose he thought I was bound on the voyage of life with a pleasure-loving mate. He used to growl to me about that, but I always said he needn't worry about me—I wasn't the marrying kind.

"Oh, you'll be wanting to get married the same as the rest of the world," Sloco would answer, "and have a wife and children to spend your money on and make you earn more!"

But I thought differently. A man of my sort, I said, works and fights just the same without wife or child, because of the fight in him, because he can't help himself, any more than the man who wants to drink can keep his lips from the glass. It's in the blood and bone.

Miss Gentles had seen a good deal of society—all there was in the city in those early days. It was odd to me to hear her talking about people who were just big names to me, as if she had known them all her life. I must have struck her as pretty green. But she made me feel from the first like some one she had always known. She was proud enough, but simple, and not in the least reserved. She told me all about her people, the easy times and the hard times. And never a word of complaint, or regret for all the parties and good things that were gone out of her life. She was one to take her beer with a joke when she couldn't have champagne. Of course, I told her, first and last, all my story. She made me take her to see the Hostetters at the old place on Van Buren Street. The four of us went up the lake on a picnic one Sunday. Hillary, I remember, was sullen because Ed paid so much attention to Miss Gentles.

So we became good friends. Yet I never felt intimate with her, and when I tried to step past a certain line she had her own way of keeping me off, not haughtily nor pertly, but like a lady who knew how people of the great world, where I had never been, behaved. One day, I remember, I was fool enough to send her a little fancy purse with a gold eagle in it, and a line saying that it was time for me to make restitution. It came back quick enough, with a clever little note tucked inside, saying she couldn't let me admit that I had taken her purse. It was a good lesson for me.

When Mr. Dround returned in the fall she reported to him for work, and I was not altogether sorry. I had plenty of chances to see her outside of the office, now, and I was desperately busy just then. In a few days, however, when I happened to be in Mr. Dround's office on some matter he began to talk about Miss Gentles. Peters had told him that I had had her as my stenographer during his absence, and Dround would like to have me continue, as she wasn't adapted to his needs. Then he spoke of her people, and how he and Mrs. Dround had held them in the highest esteem, and had tried to do something for this girl. But there had seemed to be nothing that she was really fitted to do.

So we began again our work together, only it was worse, for her fashionable friends were back in the city now, and they kept inviting her out to parties and one thing and another, until she was too sleepy to do her work in the morning and was rather irregular. Then she was ill; off for a fortnight. I had Peters hire me another stenographer, a man, and Miss Gentles still drew her pay. Peters winked at me when I suggested that he needn't mention the fact of her absence in his report. I suppose, if I had stopped to think of it, I should have considered it more businesslike of her to quit her society and parties when she found they were interfering with her work. It was human, though, that she should want to get a little fun into her life and not lose sight of the gay world where women have time to amuse themselves. And a pretty woman like her could hardly be expected to take stenography in a stockyard office seriously.

Well, I missed her more and more, especially as I couldn't see her now that she was ill, and had to content myself with nice little notes of thanks for the flowers and fruit I sent. She came back at last, looking weak and droopy, for the first time rather hopeless, as if she saw that she wasn't fitted for the job and couldn't keep up with her friends, either. I felt very sorry for her. She wasn't made for work—any one could see that—and it was a cruel shame to let her boggle on with it. Just then I had to go to Texas on business; when I got back, a week or so later, Peters told me that Miss Gentles had left five days before. A cold little note on my desk said good-by, and thanked me for my kindnesses—never a word of explanation.

I was so upset that I didn't wait to open my mail, but called a cab and started for Miss Gentles' aunt to find out what was the matter. It was just as well I had been in a hurry, for in another ten minutes she would have been on her way to Louisville, and it would have taken a week to hunt out the small place in Kentucky where she was going. Her trunk was packed, and she was sitting with her aunt in the big, ugly parlor, waiting for the expressman to come. When I came in, following the servant, she didn't draw back her veil, but merely stood up and touched fingers with me. I saw that something was so wrong that it had to be made right at once, with no time to spare.

"You will kindly let me speak to Miss Gentles alone," I said to the aunt, who was inclined to stick. She went out of the room ungraciously.

"Now," I said, taking the girl's hand and looking through her veil into her eyes. "What is the matter? Tell me."

Her eyes looked big and moist, and her lips quivered. But she shut her teeth down hard and said stiffly: "Nothing whatever, Mr. Harrington. You are very kind to come to see me before I leave."

"You aren't going to put me off with any such smooth answer as that," I said, "or you will have my company all the way you're going, wherever it may be. Tell me the straight truth, and all of it."

She began to laugh at my bluffing words, and ended with a nervous sob. After a while I learned the whole story. It seems that the man I employed talked out in the office about how he did all my work, and while I was South one of the "lady" stenographers had said something to Miss Gentles—a something she would not tell me. So she got up and took her leave, and knowing that her old aunt wouldn't want her around if she had no job, she had written some cousins in Kentucky and was going to them.

The expressman came about this time, but he didn't take her trunk. And when I left that chilly parlor we were engaged to be married.

She said at the last, putting her hands on my coat: "You know I always liked you, even in the police-station, Mr.

Harrington—and—and I am so very, very happy, now, Van. It was terrible to think of going away. I had to, before you were due home. I was never so miserable before in my life!"

Something stirred from the bottom of my heart. I felt pitiful for all her trouble, her weakness, her struggle with a world she wasn't made for. Then she said trustingly, like a little child:

"And you will always be good to me, as papa was with mamma, and patient, and love me a great deal, won't you? Yes, I know you will!"

I kissed her, feeling then that nothing in life could ever be like the privilege of loving and protecting her in her helplessness. I suppose that words like those she and I spoke there are common enough between men and women when they are in love. Yet those words have always been to me like some kind of sacred oath—the woman asking, out of her weakness, for love and protection from the one who holds all happiness and life for her, and the man, with his hasty passions, promising of the best there is in him.

Many a time in the later years, when it hasn't always been easy to see things simply as it was then in our first joy, those words of hers have come back to me and given me that same soft tug at my heart. To hurt her would be to strike a child, to wring the neck of a bird that nestled in your hand. There are a good many kinds of love in this world, as there are of hate; perhaps about the best of all is this desire to protect and cherish a woman that any man who is worth his salt has for the one he wants to marry. . . . .

Sarah walked part way back to the office with me that morning, then turned north, saying she must try to find Mrs. Dround and tell her. She was so happy she couldn't go home and sit down quietly until I got back from the office. Mrs. Dround, she knew, would be specially glad to hear the news.

"For she thinks you are a very smart young man, I know," Sarah added slyly.

"The lady must be a mind-reader, then; for in the ten years I have been with the firm I can't remember seeing her once."

"Oh, yes, she has seen you. She said so. Anyway, Jane knows all about you, you may be sure. There isn't much that goes on around her that Jane doesn't know about."

With that she gave me a happy little nod and was off to the big house of my boss up north on the lake. It was a windy, dirty December day, but I was very content with the world as it was and thought Chicago was the greatest city in the world. As I sat down to my desk my mind began to dance in a whirl of schemes—of old plans and new combinations. I wondered what Sarah would say to some of my schemes to make our fortune. Perhaps they would frighten her; for a woman is a natural conservative. I hurried up my business to get back to her and tell her that some day, not so far off, she would be a rich woman. For now it seemed only a step into the greater opportunities I had seen afar off.

The Drounds gave us a dinner not long afterward. I reached the house early, expecting to have a little time with Sarah before the others came. Pretty soon I heard the rustle of skirts, but, instead of Sarah, a tall, thin woman in a black lace evening-dress came into the room where the servant had left me. Instantly I knew where Mrs. Dround had seen me: this was the face that I had seen in the carriage the morning after the anarchist riot. She was a beautiful woman, with a dark, almost foreign look. She smiled cordially as she gave me her hand.

"Sarah is not quite ready. She wants to make herself very fine—the child! And Mr. Dround is late, too. I am glad, because it will give us a few minutes to ourselves. Come into the library."

She led the way into a long, stately room, with a beautiful ceiling in wood and gold. At one end, in a little arched recess, a wood fire was blazing. There were a number of large paintings on the walls, and queer Eastern idols and curios in cabinets. Mr. Dround had the reputation of being something of a traveler and collector. My first glance about that room explained a good deal to me about the head of our firm.

Mrs. Dround seated herself near the fire, where the light from a great candelabrum filled with candles flickered above her head. Her dark eyes gleamed under the black hair; it was a puzzle of a face!

She began to talk of Sarah in a natural but terribly shrewd way.

"I wonder, Mr. Harrington, if you know your treasure," she said after a time, half laughing. "It takes most men years to know the woman they marry, if they ever do!"

"Well, I know enough now."

"Sarah is such a woman—tender, loyal, loving. It takes a woman to know a woman, Mr. Harrington. But she hasn't a particle of practical sense: she can't keep an account straight. She has no idea what economy is, only want or plenty. She is Southern, so Southern! They never think what will happen day after to-morrow."

It seemed queer that she should be telling me this kind of thing, which I should be finding out fast enough for myself. Perhaps she was drawing me on; at any rate, I replied stiffly something about not expecting a housekeeper in my wife.

"Yet," she said slowly, studying me, "a woman can do so much to make or mar her husband's career."

"I guess I sha'n't lay it up against my wife if I don't pull out a winner."

She laughed at that.

"So you think you are strong enough to win a fight without a woman's help?"

"I've done it so far," I said, thinking of May.

"You have made a beginning," she remarked judiciously.

She was reading me like a book of large print, leaning back in her great chair, her eyes half closed, her face in shade except when the firelight flashed.

"I suppose the only way is to keep on as you begin—keep your eyes open and take everything in sight," I continued lightly.

"It depends on how much you want, perhaps."

"I guess that I want pretty much all that I can get," I said quickly, my eyes roving over the rich room, with an idea that I might begin by putting Sarah in some such place as this.

Mrs. Dround laughed a long, low laugh, as though she were speculating why I was what I was.

"Well, you are strong enough, my friend, I see. As for Sarah, love her and don't look for what you can't find."

Just then we heard Sarah's laugh. She came into the room with Mr. Dround, a smile kindling graciously all over her face. The two women kissed each other, and there was a picture—the dark head against the light one. Mrs. Dround gave Sarah a cool, motherly pat on the cheek, saying:

"I have been giving your young man some advice, Sarah."

"He doesn't need it!" Sarah answered in a flash.

"Well, I don't know that he does," Mrs. Dround laughed back, kissing her again. Every one loved Sarah in the same protecting way. Mr. Dround came up, smiling at the women's talk, and gave me his hand.

I had not seen the chief out of business hours before. I never thought him much of a business man in the office, and here, in his own house, with his pictures and books and curios, he was about the last person anyone would think spent his days over in Packington.

It wasn't to be a simple dinner. Sarah whispered that Jane had insisted on inviting a lot of people, some real big people, she said, to meet her young man. Presently the guests came in, Lardner and Steele and Jefferson with their wives, and a number of others. About the only ones I knew were big John and his very fat wife. They seemed as much out of the crowd as I felt I was with all my coolness. But Sarah was perfectly at her ease. I admired her all afresh when I saw how easily and gayly she took all the pretty things those men said to her.

I was more at home in the smoking-room after dinner, where I had to tell the story about the theft of the purse in Steele's store. The shrewd old merchant laughed heartily.

"I trust, Mr. Harrington," he drawled, "that after you are married you will lose your purse there in place of taking one."

They paid me considerable attention all around, and it gave me a pleasant feeling—all of which, I knew, was due to Sarah. I was nothing but a newcomer among them, but she was the daughter of an old friend. And she had a wonderful way of her own of coming close to people.

I remember that we went later to the opera, which was being given in that big barn of an exposition building on the lake front where I had had my first experience of Chicago hospitality. We were in a box, and between the acts more people came in to call. Sarah introduced me to some of them, and she held a reception then and there, while Mrs. Dround looked on and smiled.

SHE WAS READING ME LIKE A BOOK OF LARGE PRINT

"I HAVE BEEN GIVING YOUR YOUNG MAN SOME ADVICE, SARAH."

I forget the opera that was given—some French thing—but I remember how gay the place was, and all the important people of the city that Sarah pointed out to me. Even as business I saw it would be a good thing to know these people. Of course, the society side of life doesn't count directly in making money, but it may count a good deal in getting close to the crowd that knows how to make money. Perhaps I began to have even a little more pride in Sarah than I had before, seeing how she knew people and counted for something socially. In the game that we were going to play this social business might come in handily, perhaps. What would Dround have been without his friends and acquaintances?

In one of the intervals of the opera Mrs. Dround remarked:

"You see Sarah's sphere, Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes," I replied, understanding what she meant. "And the girl does it tip-top!" She laughed.

"Of course! It's in the blood."

"Well, it isn't a bad thing, some of it," I went on with pride and content. "Some day, I thought, I may be doing business with these friends of yours, my lady." "Strauss isn't here, is he?" I asked.

"The Strausses never go anywhere, you know."

"He's the biggest of them all, too," I said partly to myself.

"You think so? Why?" she asked, her brows coming together.

"He's the biggest dog, and it's dog-eat-dog in our business, as all over nowadays," I replied.

"Why now more than ever before?" she asked.

"There's a change coming over business, and you feel it the same as you feel a shift in the wind. It's harder work fighting to live now than ever before, and it can't go on forever. The big dog will eat up the rest."

"And you think Strauss is our big dog?" she asked with a smile. I saw then where she had led me, but it was too late to be less frank.

"Yes," I answered, looking her in the eyes.

"Then how would one keep out of his jaws?" she went on, playing with her fan.

"Well, you can always get out of a scrap and stay out—or——" I hesitated.

"Or?" she persisted.

"Put up such a fight that the big fellow will give you good terms to get rid of you."

"I see. You have given me something to think about, Mr. Harrington."

(Continued on Page 121)

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Two Sorts of Prey

THE President is now, and for some time will be, agitating the bears of the Far West and filling his lungs with the unbreathed air of the wildernesses. In his "job"—as in every other where issuing orders for others to execute or fail to execute is the only occupation—it is hard to keep a waist-line, or even to avoid the kind of neck that makes the head look like the diminishing head of the carrot. Two months is a long time, a very considerable percentage of four years; and the trusts and the railway rate-cutters won't stop and go bear-hunting. But let them look out when "Teddy" gets back and finds himself brimful and running over with the desire to "do!"

Then, too, hunting bears is far more satisfactory than hunting trusts. The bear shows fight and can, in the end, be put out of business. The trust becomes more and more affable as it is assailed, and if there is any chase at all, it degenerates into sort of a greased pig race in which the greased pig always slips away.

The Chicago Election

CHICAGO has just elected a mayor who stands for municipal ownership and operation of the street railroads.

This does not mean that the people of Chicago are more prone than their neighbors to try experiments, nor that the socialist leaven is more active among them.

The declaration for municipal ownership was forced—by the street railroads.

There is a theory that a street railroad exists primarily to perform a public service. Chicago traction men have, from the beginning, treated this theory as an amusing legal fiction. Mr. Yerkes and his able successors, operating on the North and West sides of the city, built up a magnificent structure of capital liabilities aggregating almost $100,000,000 on tangible property worth a fifth of that sum. In nine years, beginning with 1893, the City Railway, operating on the South Side, paid its stockholders regular and extra dividends amounting to one hundred and forty-five per cent., and gave them stock subscription rights that made an additional profit of one hundred and fifty-seven per cent. Thus the roads were either water-logged or bled to death, and in ten years there has not been an improvement in the service worth mentioning.

Last year about 100,000,000 fares were collected in the ancient cable cars, which combine the comforts of a 'way freight caboose with the speed of an ox-cart. These cars are not a public convenience. They are merely a method of inflicting torment. The street-railroad people themselves make only one claim in regard to service. They say they give a very long ride for five cents. This is true. They give the longest ride to be had anywhere in the world for a nickel. That is, by paying that sum and boarding a Chicago cable car you can ride forever without reaching any point in either direction.

The traction men have stood on this platform: "It is true we have dismally failed in our obligations to you in the past; but give us what we want in the way of franchises, and then, in time, we will give you a decent service."

So, after seven years of "negotiating," which the attitude of the traction men on the one side and of the city on the other made absolutely hopeless from the beginning, the poor, patient, bedeviled, jammed, jolted, delayed, accident-stalled public voted for Judge Dunne and municipal ownership in sheer exasperated desperation.

The task thus undertaken is big and difficult. There must be some years of litigation. But, with the present intolerable service, a vote for municipal ownership will go with every ride.

The Pure-Food Packers

THE first large result from the public awakening on the subject of pure food comes in the form of a national organization of canners and packers. The constitution provides for a system of inspection and labeling, and forbids any discussion of prices. About eighty per cent. of the canners and packers have joined, and if they enforce their constitution they will soon compel the fellows who are the worst offenders to stop putting out adulterated goods or to go out of business.

The scandal of wholesale poisoning for dividends is growing day by day. The men whose demands for dividends force their agents to commit the crimes will soon find it impossible to pretend that they don't know what is done in their poison factories.

The Outrage of Taxation

NOT since Boston threw the tea overboard has there been a greater up-welling of passionate protest against a tax than is now on exhibition in New York.

The Legislature proposes to tax stock transfers at the rate of two dollars for each hundred shares. As the face value of a hundred shares of stock is usually $10,000, the tax would amount to about two one-hundredths of one per cent. Thus to many innocent people it looks trivial.

The truly diabolical nature of the impost appears only to the initiate who know that last year 187,312,065 shares were transferred on the New York Stock Exchange, and that, in a really bang-up year for business like 1901, the number of shares handled exceeded 265,000,000. There are gentlemen of the Exchange called room-traders who will buy or sell some 10,000 shares in a fairly busy day and go home at night only $17 richer or poorer, as the case may be. Upon their frail shoulders this monstrous tax would fall with crushing weight.

To a man who wished to invest $10,000 in stocks, or to realize upon an investment of that size, the little addition of two dollars would make no difference. But, if only the man who wishes to invest or to realize upon his investment were to be considered, the beautiful home of the Exchange would be for rent next week. It is the man who is playing for a two-point turn who makes the colossal totals which are the just boast of the Exchange and who pays the freight, and to that man two dollars in real money makes a lot of difference. It is a realization of this rather painful fact that makes the "Street" take the tax so much to heart.

Probably the Legislature would be willing to raise the needed revenue by taxing the farms, as the "Street" insists it should, but it foresees that such a course would bring an equally cyclonic outburst from the farmers.

We began by declaring that, so long as we had a drop of blood to shed, we would never submit to taxation without representation. That was a mistake. The qualifying words should have been left out. For no body of free-born Americans who are at all worthy of their glorious heritage ever think of submitting to taxation of any sort, with or without representation, except after making a roar that shakes the circumambient air.

One Word for Mr. Rockefeller

WE ARE in a fair way to have a strong reaction of public sentiment in favor of Mr. Rockefeller. It is becoming tedious, and it is truly unjust to single him out always as the "worst ever" and the great unapproached and unapproachable "awful example" simply because he has made vastly more money by his methods than others who have used precisely the same means.

Whether a man makes a dollar or a billion dollars by an infraction of the moral law, the question still remains, did he or did he not violate the moral law?

As for Mr. Rockefeller's great but less successful imitators, who join in the hue and cry against him, their impudence passes patience. What a leadership for the just indignation of the people against the system of which Mr. Rockefeller is merely one exponent!

What we need is not floods of hypocritical denunciation, but a sane and sober effort to end the system by which so many of our great fortunes have been built up.

Virtue and the Long Face

PERHAPS nothing has proved so prejudicial to the cause of virtue as the fact that its exponents are a little more prone than other folks to pull a long face. The world is full of occasions on which it is not possible to escape being sad, and ordinary mortals hesitate before adding to them, even in the causes that seem best.

In point of fact, are piety and cheerfulness irreconcilable? May not even the deepest self-sacrifice bring a happiness which any sane man must envy? The will of General Armstrong, who in his life did more for the Negroes and the Indians than any other man, contained these words: "I do not know what self-sacrifice is." What is it except the highest use of one's noblest powers?

Distrust the man whose righteousness makes him sad. It is not the right sort of righteousness at best, and is often something very like hypocrisy.

Swollen Heads—Shrunken Minds

A YOUNG man, inheriting a vast fortune, got the mistaken notion that a great inheritance makes a great man. In three years he ran his course and is now serving as a point to many a moral tale. Those who were fawning and flattering a few months ago are now tittering and pointing as he passes by. And, if the young man has any brains left, he is probably in the most pitiable state of humiliation.

It is an every-day occurrence. The office-boy who does not know how to take a raise of fifty cents a week is just as good an illustration as this very conspicuous young man. And the moral of his disgrace will be missed entirely if every man, however obscure, does not take it home to himself.

Not always does "swollen head" result in disaster. Most of the very worst penalties in this world are penalties of missing great benefits one might easily have received had he conducted himself with honesty, simplicity and modesty.

Mothers with "Souls"

NOW spring comes, and the battalions of babies are marching and counter-marching in inspiring splendor in the village streets and the city parks. How are these battalions officered?

In part by mothers. But the best-dressed, best-fed, smartest regiments are almost altogether in charge of nursemaids!

And what is mamma doing that is so much more important than tending her precious garden of humanity?

Oh, she is lounging on the porch, improving her mind with the latest novel! Or she is gossiping with her cronies, or playing bridge, or getting summer dresses, or just doing nothing but thinking what a poor, toiling, uninteresting creature her husband is, and what a dull place the world is to a woman with a "soul!"

Improving Nature

HERE is a seasonable question: If we have the seedless orange and the coreless apple, why not the boneless shad? You can double and double a violet until it looks like an oyster. Why not simplify the most delectable of fishes until it is as easily eaten as a croquette?

The reason why you can't is—that you can't. The only wonder is that, for all his intelligence and abundance of appliances, man can alter the course of Nature in the slightest. Professor Loeb has achieved a national reputation for doing—what? Next to nothing at all. Our improvements on Nature come at the risk of the very life of the species improved. If all apples and oranges were seedless, the trees, propagated from slips alone, would slowly but inevitably deteriorate. The seeds of the banana are already sterile, so that if, by some calamity, the trees were all killed, there would be no more bananas. The potato, persistently grown from tubers alone, is already in a bad way.

An acquaintance of Edison's once asked him where the progress of mechanical invention was to end. "In the year two thousand," said the inventor, "when you come to a steel works you will find the ore being smelted at one end and the rails being piled up neatly at the other. There won't be a man in the entire factory. If you want to take a look around it you will have to hunt up the boy in charge. He will be in a neighboring field, digging potatoes. There is no limit to which manufacture can be made mechanical. But potatoes will still be planted and dug by hand!"

There is more genius in that one saying than in the phonograph. Those of us who look on at the work of the magician of the material world go mad in the pride of intelligence. But he knows that the one supreme, unalterable and incomprehensible phenomenon in life is—life.

UNCLE SAM, B. S.

He Has Made Washington the Centre of the Scientific World

By RENÉ BACHE

SOMETHING like twelve millions of dollars are spent annually by the United States Government on scientific investigations and in the application thereof to useful purposes. It seems an enormous sum, but there can be no question that it is invested far more profitably—looking at the matter from a purely practical standpoint—than any equivalent amount disbursed under appropriation by Congress for other objects.

This estimate does not include the expense of the upkeep of the Smithsonian Institution, which is an establishment rather oddly situated, inasmuch as it is a private concern (supported by its own funds) enjoying control over several Government enterprises—among others, the National Museum. It is a sort of incubator of scientific bureaus, which it hatches out from time to time, and, when they have learned how to take care of themselves, relinquishes to Federal care. In this way the Weather Bureau, which has since grown to be such a giant, originated, and so also did the Bureau of Fisheries. The Geological Survey was likewise a child of the Smithsonian, while the Bureau of Ethnology, sharing the same maternity, still remains under the wing of the parent institution.

Whenever the secretary of the Smithsonian wants a little money for special investigations Congress gives it willingly. Thus $15,000 annually is appropriated for the researches which Mr. Langley is making in the wonderful region of invisible colors below the red band of the rainbow. In this unseen portion of the rainbow is comprised three-fourths of the sun's energy, and upon the rays contained within it the farmer depends mainly for the growing of his crops. The visible solar spectrum being, say, three feet long, Mr. Langley has followed and mapped the invisible part for a distance of forty feet beyond the red, by the help of an instrument of his own invention, the most essential feature of which is a balance whose beam is a fine thread of spun glass, carrying a concave mirror the size of a pin's head, fastened upon a square piece cut from the wing of a dragonfly.

On the occasion of the total eclipse, at Norfolk, Virginia, half a dozen years ago, Secretary Langley built a camera a hundred feet in length, set it up out-of-doors, and with it took the most wonderful photographs of the moon crossing the face of the sun that had ever been seen. He has done many other notable things; and hence it is that when he asks Congress for money to spend on flying machines (which do not fly, and cannot even swim) "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the watchdog of the Treasury, shifts his much-chewed cigar to the other corner of his mouth, and says: "Let him have it. You can never tell when one of these scientific cranks will turn out something really worth while. It's a good sportin' chance."

The Work of the Bureau of Ethnology

NOT long after the establishment of telegraphs in this country, Professor Henry, then secretary of the Smithsonian Institution—who himself, by improving the electromagnet, had helped to make it practicable to send words by wire—arranged for the collection by this means of weather reports from various parts of the country. This was the beginning of the Weather Bureau, which at the present time spends $1,338,000 annually in meteorological work. Professor Baird, when subsequently he occupied the same office, started in to stock the rivers and lakes with fishes by hatching millions of eggs in glass jars—a scheme deemed highly visionary by the parents of the people who to-day are laughing at Mr. Langley's experiments in photographing flying turkey-buzzards from tall towers for the purpose of finding out how human beings may similarly soar.

The Smithsonian spends $40,000 a year of Government money for the maintenance of the Bureau of Ethnology, which, while engaged in its routine work of classifying the Indian tribes and studying their languages, customs and beliefs, has made many interesting discoveries. For one thing, it has proved that the mysterious mound-builders, who scattered memorials of themselves in the shape of huge tumuli, often built in the likenesses of animals, over the valleys of the Mississippi and Ohio, were not an ancient and extinct race, as used to be supposed, but the immediate progenitors of the modern copper-colored aborigines. The Indians were still engaged in constructing these mounds, for religious and burial purposes, when Columbus landed on the shores of America; but lo! a wonderful thing happened. The buffalo came into the region they occupied—whence, nobody can say, but probably from the north—and, finding unlimited pasturage, multiplied in countless numbers, causing the Indians, who had been sedentary and agricultural, to become hunters and wanderers, abandoning the mound-building habit. Such is the explanation of one puzzle, out of many, which the Bureau of Ethnology has solved; but the most important and valuable work accomplished by it has consisted in teaching the Government how to deal with the tribes intelligently and satisfactorily.

The Patent Office, which cost $1,448,000 last year, is in reality a great scientific establishment. It is a congeries of thirty-eight scientific divisions, which together compose a bureau of the Interior Department. Into this bureau ideas from all over the country are poured indiscriminately, as into a hopper, by inventors, and, after being sorted out, they are referred for consideration to the divisions where they properly belong. The complexity of the machinery employed in this great mill for grinding out new and useful contrivances (the valueless ones being thrown aside) may be judged from the fact that electricity alone absorbs the attention of three divisions, one of which attends to telegraphs and telephones, the second to motive power and railroads, and the third to lighting, heating and signaling.

There are also three distinct chemistry divisions in the Patent Office—made necessary by the fact that so many arts and industries are based upon chemistry in one way or another. All preparations for bleaching and dyeing that are submitted, as well as new explosives, have to be carefully analyzed, and the composition of every medicine for which a patent is sought must be ascertained. To get a patent, a remedy must be a hitherto undiscovered laboratory product—not a mere prescription. However, within the space of a few lines it is impossible to give a comprehensive account of the work of this great bureau, the expenditure for which, by the way, is more than balanced by its receipts, the surplus of profits turned into the Treasury last year being $194,000.

The annual appropriation for the Geological Survey is about $1,500,000. It is the business of this bureau to map the mineral-producing regions of the country and to study its water resources. Part of its duty consists in building dams and digging ditches for irrigation—an affair of special importance at the present time, inasmuch as the enormous sum of $20,000,000, furnished by Congress out of receipts from the sale of public lands, now lies in the Treasury and is soon to be spent, under the direction of the survey, for the construction of irrigating works, which are expected to transform vast arid and nonproductive areas of the West into landscapes that gladden the eye with a prospect of tilled fields and fruitful gardens.

Incidentally, the Geological Survey is a bureau of discovery. Not long ago a party of its explorers in Alaska located a gold belt which may yet rival the deposits of South Africa—a strip of gold-bearing rocks 500 miles long, which are the source of the yellow metal found so richly in the placers of the Yukon Valley. This strip, which passes from British territory into our own domain near Forty-Mile Creek, crossing the Yukon not far from the mouth of Porcupine River, runs through a range of low mountains, and on the higher levels, where the rocks are bare, the gold may be seen on the surface in bright specks. There are gigantic bodies of ore in sight, and easily accessible when the region shall have been opened up by a railroad.

When, a dozen years ago, a "fault," or break-off, in the deposit of gold and silver at Leadville was found, causing the owners of the mines to fear that the supply of precious metals from that source was on the point of exhaustion, one of the experts of the Survey made a study of the locality, and, discovering how the rocks of the earth's crust thereabout had slipped out of their original position, showed exactly where a continuation of the deposit ought to be struck if sought at a specified depth beneath the surface. The miners followed the directions given, and behold! the seams filled with silver and gold again revealed themselves, resuming their interrupted course through the rocks beyond the "fault."

Other discoveries were made by accident. Dr. David T. Day, examining, recently, in the San Francisco Mint, some platinum-bearing sand from the extreme northwest of California, separated from it a pure alloy of iron and nickel—much the same metallic mixture that ordinary meteorites are made of. This led to finding a big deposit of nickel in the bed of the stream whence the sand came, in first-rate form for use in the new-fangled nickel storage-batteries.

George F. Kunz, the gem expert, who is connected with the Survey, heard, not long ago, of something new in the way of a precious stone that had been found near San Diego, California. He sent for a specimen, and discovered that it was a species of gem hitherto unknown, related to the emerald, very brilliant, and resembling a pinkish diamond. It is now coming on the market under the name of "Kunzite." Meanwhile, all of the important gems have been analyzed in the laboratory of the Geological Survey, whose chief chemist, Doctor Clark, is of the opinion that every one of them, even including the diamond and ruby, will be reproduced some day by artifice. All that is needed (their composition being exactly known) is apparatus working on a great scale, with a long allowance of time for the formation of the crystals.

Mapping the Oceans

A DEPOSIT of mineral rubber, sufficient in quantity to make gum shoes for the entire population of the United States, was found recently in Utah by one of the Survey's exploters. The stuff is black, elastic, waterproof, and looks and feels exactly like ordinary rubber, serving admirably as a substitute for the latter, especially for roofing. It occurs in veins and seems to be of vegetable origin—derived from plant material thus curiously transformed in the laboratory of Nature.

The Treasury Department at Washington maintains two laboratories, one of which tests samples of liquors and wines—for if they contain more than a certain per cent. of alcohol such drinkables must pay extra tax—while the other determines the weight and fineness of sample coins taken from each batch turned out at the mints. For this purpose each silver dollar is rolled into a strip a foot long, and tiny disks stamped out of various parts of it are subjected to analysis. The assay offices and mints do a good deal of chemical work incidentally to the assaying and refining of the precious metals for coinage, and the custom-houses in Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans and other great seaport cities have laboratories of their own, wherein teas and various other imported products are examined.

The Navy Department spends great sums annually on scientific work of one kind or another. Under its administration is the Hydrographic Office, which costs $140,000 a year, and which publishes monthly pilot charts for the

benefit of mariners, showing where the latest reported icebergs and dangerous, abandoned hulks are floating, and indicating the prevailing winds for the season in every part of the world. But the principal business of this bureau is to furnish charts of foreign waters (made, when practicable, by American surveyors), which are supplemented for navigators' use by maps of our own harbors and coasts executed by the Coast Survey.

Eighty thousand dollars is appropriated annually for the upkeep of the Naval Observatory, which is the nation's official timekeeper. All of the electric clocks from Boston to San Francisco are regulated and kept to exact accuracy by the observatory in Washington, which sends out each day the signal of noon to all parts of the country. Five minutes before twelve o'clock all the wires of the Western Union Company are cleared of messages, and at the pulse of noon a touch on a button sends the notifying spark north, south and west, incidentally dropping "time balls" at every seaport for the information of mariners whose chronometers must be kept to a perfect correctness as a means of reckoning for purposes of navigation.

For many years past the Navy Department has been making elaborate experiments with torpedoes, which are kept very secret, and recently the War Department has done a good deal of work with submarine mines, for the defense of our harbors. Officers of the Ordnance Bureaus of both services are constantly engaged in the study of "ballistics"—a branch of investigation which covers practically everything that has to do with the firing of guns. At Indian Head, on the Potomac, the Navy maintains a chemical laboratory for experiments with explosives, and another laboratory, for similar purposes, is supported by the Army at Sandy Hook, near New York. Inspectors, who watch tests of metals and other processes, are kept by both departments at each gun and powder factory that furnishes weapons or ammunition to the Government; and, in addition, there are chemical workshops which make a business of examining all medical supplies intended for our soldiers and sailors.

Scales of Incredible Delicacy

EVERY State of the Union is entitled to receive from the Federal Government a set of weights and measures, absolutely accurate, which are furnished by the Bureau of Standards. It goes without saying that everybody has an interest in the correctness of the measures and weights by which things are bought and sold. The system adopted, which costs Uncle Sam $180,000 per annum, makes it sure that a pound, a quart or a yard shall be exactly the same in all parts of the country, the standards used by the official weighers of every city and State being referred for comparison to those preserved at Washington, which are kept as carefully as if they were objects of religious worship.

In 1830 the Secretary of the Treasury caused a comparison to be made of the weights and measures employed at the principal custom-houses, and it was found that they differed so widely that pounds and gallons could not be said to be reckoned on the same basis at any two ports of the United States. For ever so many reasons, it is most important that such standards shall be absolute and invariable, and hence the bureau in question has been established as a tribunal of last appeal in all matters of the kind. The standard kilogram is of platinum, and the metre is a rod of silver containing $1500 worth of that metal. So incredibly delicate are certain of the scales utilized that the warmth of the body of a person approaching within two or three feet is liable to affect them by disturbing the currents of air.

The official weights and measures were formerly under the charge of the Coast Survey, which spends $850,000 of Government money annually for quite a variety of scientific purposes. In addition to making charts of the coasts, it maintains numerous stations for observing the stars, in order to determine with accuracy latitude and longitude, and also for pendulum experiments. By means of the pendulum, the force of gravity in any given place may be ascertained; and inasmuch as this force becomes greater as the centre of the earth is approached, the pendulum swinging proportionately faster, it is possible in this way to obtain data for figuring out the shape of the planet on which we dwell. The Coast Survey also studies the earth's magnetic attraction, and recently it has been laying out speed-trial courses for our warships in Long Island Sound, San Francisco Bay and elsewhere, marking them with buoys.

One great executive department, that of Agriculture, is wholly devoted to the pursuit of scientific investigations, its entire annual appropriation, amounting to nearly $6,000,000, being expended, directly or indirectly, for such purposes. It is, in fact, nothing more than a group of scientific bureaus, which make it their business to study every imaginable thing that is of interest or value to the farmers.

How Real Wealth is Created

THE work done by the Chemistry Bureau of this department is wonderfully varied and important. Recently it has been engaged in studying adulterated foods and drinks, but its experts are busy with a hundred other problems. Within the last few months they have made twenty-five pure yeasts, derived from the natural fermentation of ciders in various parts of Europe and in this country. These they have grown by inoculating sterilized apple-juice with them, and it is found that, by their means, ciders of different kinds and flavors can be produced from the same juice. Pretty soon the yeasts in question will be made available to apple-growers, and it is expected that they will markedly improve the cider output of the United States.

In such brief space it is almost out of the question to give more than a suggestion of the great variety of investigations in which the Department of Agriculture is engaged, or of the numerous important discoveries already made by the experts in its employ. Among other things, it is growing drug-plants, including the opium poppy and the hemp that yields hashish, with a view to their production on a large scale in this country. It is encouraging the utilization of the pine-apple as a producer of a fibre which (though thousands of tons of the raw material are thrown away annually in Florida) is one of the most valuable known, being woven in the Philippines into the famous "piña" cloth, resembling gossamer. With rubber and the chocolate-producing plant it is experimenting in Florida, while already it has fixed a speculative eye upon the vanilla—one of the few species of orchids that have any value except for their flowers.

Now that so many tropical islands have been annexed by Uncle Sam, the economic plants of those latitudes have assumed a new importance from the viewpoint of our Government. But meanwhile efforts are being made to push other fruits and field crops northward by breeding frost-proof varieties. Already there has been obtained a hardy orange which is expected to defy the climate of all the Gulf States—a cross between the every-day sweet orange and a species from Japan. The navel orange, as is pretty generally known, was originally introduced into this country by the Department of Agriculture in 1872, being fetched from Brazil. It is said to have added $60,000,000 to the taxable wealth of California.

Helpful Little Microbes

IN THE Dairy Division much attention is paid to the study of microbes that ripen butter and cheese, giving to them their distinctive flavors. Such germs may now be purchased, put up in little bottles, and utilized for inoculating the milk from which the cheese or butter is to be made. Another recent discovery, which is said to be saving $5,000,000 a year in Wisconsin alone, is a method of treating the seeds of cereals, especially oats, by soaking them in a weak solution of formalin, to prevent "smut."

Only a few years ago the orange industry of California was threatened with total destruction by a scale insect; but the Department of Agriculture imported from Australia a little beetle, closely resembling our "lady-bug," which quickly ate up the enemy of the orange, practically wiping it out within a few months. To fight the San Jose scale, so dreaded as a foe to fruit trees, another kind of bug resembling a hedgehog in miniature has been found.

When, a few years ago, the "Bug Bureau" tried to kill the insects on fruit trees by inclosing the latter in a sort of tent, which was thereupon filled with poisonous hydrocyanic gas, people were disposed to scoff. Nevertheless, the process proved highly successful, and is now commonly adopted with excellent results, especially in California. From that State will be shipped to the East this year perhaps a train-load of very superior figs, the production of which was rendered possible only by the introduction of an insect which the Government scientists brought from the Mediterranean region, and which enters the ripening fruit and fertilizes it.

The Bureau of Animal Industry now inspects every beef animal that we export, both alive and after it is slaughtered, as well as all the hogs that go to France and Germany. Bits of muscle-tissue cut from each hog are examined under the microscope, to make sure that there is nothing wrong. At the stockyards in many cities every steer is inspected on the hoof, and if not healthy it is marked with a tag bearing the inscription, "U. S., Condemned." The most important work that this bureau is accomplishing, however, has for its object the extirpation of diseases of domestic animals.

There is no branch of science to which the Government of the United States is not devoting attention. Washington is to-day the greatest scientific centre in the world, not even excepting Berlin or Paris. The best brains obtainable are employed by Uncle Sam in every branch of research, and upon the investigations they are pursuing and the discoveries they are making will be based to a great extent the future welfare and prosperity of the country.

LEST I FORGET

By J. W. FOLEY

When from my earliest abode in boyhood's merry days I strode,
Oh, well do I remember how my mother came
—I see her now—
And, standing in the old front door, repeated to me o'er and o'er:

"Oh, William, don't do this and that, and William, wear your other hat.
Please, William, don't forget my note, and William, wear your overcoat.
And William, hurry on your way, or you'll be late to school to-day."
And far and long as I could hear her admonitions to my ear
Came floating on, repeated yet, lest I forget, lest I forget.

When from my lessons, shirked or done, came homeward I at waning sun,
Oh, well do I remember how my mother came—I see her now—
And greeted me at that front door with admonitions o'er and o'er:

"Oh, William, don't do this and that, and wipe your feet upon the mat,
And do not slam the door and wake the baby, William, and please take
This package down to Howe and Hatch and tell them that it doesn't match,
And don't forget to hurry back, because the kitchen fire is slack;"
And far and long as I could hear her admonitions to my ear
Came floating on, repeated yet, lest I forget, lest I forget.

I'm married now—at man's estate, and yet, quite mournful to relate,
My wife it is who, as before, comes with me to the new front door,
And standing there, bombards me for a block or two, and o'er and o'er:

"Oh, William, don't you wet your feet, and William, don't forget the meat,
And William, don't forget to mail my letter promptly, and don't fail
To pay the ice bill, order wood; and William, would you be so good
As to stop in at Jones' store and get a bit of ribbon for
The baby's hair?"—and so 'tis yet—lest I forget, lest I forget!

The Mother-of-Pearl Men

By Willard French

PICCANINNY PEARLERS PRACTICING

KING OF THE PEARLERS IN FULL DRESS

SANDY WAIBEN—white Waiben, on the white sand shore, under the white sandhills, the mother-of-pearl men's home—Waiben is so well out of sight that not one in a million knows that it is or where. Yet from Waiben comes the world's largest supply of one beautiful commodity, besides many an incidental pearl.

Waiben is off the northeast coast of Australia. Borneo and Sumatra lie to the northwest of it. Melville Island, that one-man freak and failure, breaks the north wind and sea, and Great Barrier Reef begins about Waiben, to stretch away for miles and miles—hundreds of them—to the southward with its massive coral base and its intermittent sand-capped dunes, in a gigantic breakwater, along the east coast of Australia, as far south as Brisbane.

A wonderful work of art—coral art—is that Great Barrier Reef; infinitely wonderful in the varieties of its fancies, affording endless dangers and endless protection to the multitude of steamers forever taking advantage of the beautiful, silent, deep-sea waterway, sometimes so narrow as to be hardly creep-throughable, sometimes fifty miles across, between the reef and the mainland. Sometimes it rises up out of the waves, in narrow white sand stretches, the oldest of them covered with sage and salt shrubs—miniatures of the real Australian bush, but never a touch of anything more than that. Sometimes it lies just awash, with the subtle breakers gurgling over it in silver foam. Sometimes for miles it is submerged, only marked by a pale green shimmer in the bright sunlight. But always it is there, and always on the ocean side are the pearl-fishing craft, with divers going down to search its sand-covered foundations for their vast treasure of pearl shells, and always on the silent side huge whales and thrashers and sharks and swordfish have the grand revels and battles of their lives.

Coming down from Borneo to Thursday Island, last summer, I was on the schooner Leonado when our good Italian skipper, Cassaco, of Sicily, made a miss of it and landed us on the spur of a north-pointing coral reef, working such mischief with things down below that we had barely time to get into the boats when the schooner slid off and disappeared.

It was only five and twenty miles from Waiben, and arriving there, with nothing to do but wait, the powder of curiosity was so fired in me that I determined to see something of the secrets of the mother-of-pearl people.

Sandy Waiben lies only at the beginning of the coral reefs. Right in the beautiful harbor, almost cutting it in two, is the Wai Weer Reef; for though the coral builders have fashioned many a fair lagoon in boisterous oceans, grand shelters for ships, they are no respecters of maritime methods, and their low-spiked pyramids have wrecked as many boats as their wave-topping walls have saved.

Off Wai Weer Reef, on a low, white sand beach, backed by white sandhills and hollows, are the little white huts of the pearl-fishing headquarters, and the bay is the shelter to which the vessels come for a holiday while they take in provisions and ship their gathered shells. Port Kennedy, at the head of the bay, is the English settlement: a pearl town pure and simple, with a regular population of 650 whites and 900 blacks, and a floating crowd of from 1600 to 1800 mixed and mongrel pearl-people. There are 260 vessels registered in the pearling fleet: vessels of no mean size, for they often have to tough it well, and sometimes go as far as 300 or 400 miles outside the Great Barrier Reef. They are from ten to thirty tons burden, and manned by all shades and varieties of dark creatures. So that, coming and going, a pretty fleet lies always about Vivien Point, to the westward of Port Kennedy.

Except for her pearls and shells Waiben has little to do with the outside world. She exports only a small amount of guano, copra, tortoise-shell and *bêche-de-mer*. If Waiben were only self-centred, not bonded and joint-stocked—grub-staked—in foreign lands, Waiben would be a mighty little millionaire.

The divers are a mixed lot—East Indians, West Indians, South Sea Islanders and Africans, all subjects of the King, and Japs—the eternal Japs!—who have recently introduced a lot of modern methods—rubber suits, with helmets and air-pumps, which let them get down a good thirty-eight fathoms, where they have to stand rigidly erect and take the shells together, for fear of splitting their rubber backs or cracking their veritable spines if they dared to bend in the heavy pressure. But the old style of doing things is far from obsolete. There are hundreds who are working in that way, and they do it in eighteen to twenty fathoms, which is deep down enough when the water is full of sharks.

I was cordially invited to take the "turn," as they call a pearling trip, on board a modern-method Jap manned craft, but the old-time machinery of the thing was what I was after, and to accomplish it *en règle* I visited the King.

A fine old fellow is Lomota, King of the pearl-people. He is sublimely grave and dignified, as a king should be; gray-haired and white-bearded and solemn. A stronger face or a face fuller of mastery could hardly be found in the Senate of the United States. Every motion is full of patriarchal grace, and the man demands respect even when he is not on dress parade. He has a white coat, rather soiled and old much of the time, which he wears over nothing but himself on state occasions; but the morning when I presented myself he was sitting on a straw cushion beside his one-room straw and cocoanut-fibre palace, the Crown Prince leaning on his shoulder, neither of them suffering from more furnishing goods than G strings.

Immensely fond of his three boys is King Lomota, and proud is he—proud as any father in broadcloth—of the fine, velvety-brown lad he is educating to take his place when he himself is called away. This youngster is a perfect image of his father, and worshipfully fond of him. He speaks excellent English, and shows sturdy muscles under his beautiful skin as the result of strict and constant courses in physical culture. But he absolutely refuses to associate with his two little brothers—"the piccaninnies," as he calls them—in any of their sports or games or exercises. Why should he? They are a couple of bright, intelligent, shaven-headed urchins, strong and healthy, but they are not to be the King, and not to be the King means to be only an every-day pearler. There is no interim of royalty in assorted sizes, according to their ology.

So the piccaninnies spend their time on the water—or in it—poling their outriggered dugout, or tumbling out of it together to see which can touch bottom and return first to the surface, or which can remain under water the longer.

As a matter of necessity, the pearl-men's wives are the masters of home, and on them devolves the education of their broods of little ducks. From the time they are a few weeks old the children are daily put through the processes best calculated to manufacture good diving material, and the black of Waiben who could not dive and remain under water till one almost bursts simply standing by, waiting for him to come up, would be a veritable freak.

The most exhaustive work I ever attempted, physically or nervously, was standing at the rail of our craft, watching the operation of the shell-gathering system. A score of naked blacks tied great goggles about their heads, laughing and joking incessantly. Then they dropped over the rail and hung by one hand till the captain blew his whistle as a signal to let go. Down went their heads, and for an instant the white soles of forty feet glistened and kicked in the sun. The water eddied and swashed for a moment; then all was still, and the blue waves rolled as though they knew nothing about it. An uncanny chill steals over one, then, as he tries to realize that fifty or a hundred feet below twenty naked men are working like maniacs to fill their grass baskets with huge shells. Finally, however, bubbles come wriggling, squirming up, as a kind of advance-guard, and down in the blue wash black heads appear in faint outline, to pop out of the water the next instant, when gaunt hands stretch for comrades on board to catch at and drag the half-strangled fellows to the deck—laughing and joking before they are out of the water.

The flood of humor which is indigenous under those black hides makes an endless holiday out of what one would think must be a maniac-breeding monotony. They are constantly playing pranks on each other, and every dive is a Derby race, liable, at any moment, to be interrupted by a battle with sharks. When they are dragged over the rail they lie gasping on the deck while their baskets are emptied and the shells counted. The first honor is to the man who has brought the most, the next to the man who filled his basket and reached the surface first. The championship, which is as proudly held as a prize-fighter's belt, goes to the man who secures both honors in one dive.

As soon as the shells are counted they begin to open them, and black fingers give each oyster a careful pinch to see that it has not secreted a real pearl about it. Then it goes overboard. The shells are scraped and packed—packed wet—in cases, ready for shipment when they return. Pearls are not very abundant. They are simply considered a bit of extra luck. Shells are what the divers are after, and six tons to a vessel is a good year's work for the smaller native craft.

The pearlers' menu is not a burden to the purser. It is mainly meal, rice for extravagance, peppers and cocoanuts. They have no use for the oysters, and see too much of the fish to care to catch and cook them. With the Japs, I believe, it is different; but Japs are always fond of fish mixtures. They are not over forethoughtful in provisioning these craft, neither do they want to furnish money or space for carrying about a surplus stock. But the vessels always stay along the reef till they are full, and sometimes they are badly blown about and delayed till they run short of food. To prevent an untimely return, little huts have been erected in the safest shelters along the uninhabitable reefs, in the low forests of sage and salt bush, where provisions are stored.

These fishers have not the requisite energy to finish up their work by polishing and cutting the shells which they secure. When they reach port they propose to do nothing, and they do it, beautifully, while the cases are all shipped away to be worked. It is not at all the skill to do it which they lack, for now and then some disabled pearler, who had not the luck to be killed outright, devotes himself to cutting and polishing, and nowhere in the world can such beautiful devices in mother-of-pearl be found as among the people of the Pearl King—but they are not for sale.

The King presented me with a small pearl spoon, a delicate piece of work, good for a "souvenir"; but, in spite of every wile I knew of, he failed to take the hint and give me one of his absolutely superb earrings; therefore, in closing, I have only to acknowledge his courtesy in a general way.

RESURGAM

By Robert W. Chambers

Thou who hast been our dwelling-place
  Before the mountains were brought forth,
In grace unveil Thy face
  On that dark Empire in the north
  Where Earth and Hell are one.

Once, guiltless, Thy begotten Son
  Descended through the viewless deeps—
Who can'st Thou send to rend
  That snowy hell the White Czar keeps
  Guarded by Goth and Hun?

Flame-forged Guns of the Rising Sun,
  Out of the East your red rays fling!
Banzai! Thy will be done
  Upon these still-born, soulless Things
  That crucify Thy Son!

Uplift ye, Everlasting Gates!
  Doom marches with the Dawn, nor waits
Till the Red Romanoffs slough off
  And the World's wound abates.
The Sun's long lances, dripping red,
  Slanting, advance, glance, and advance
Over the snows where the bedded dead
  Died by the Cossack lance.

Be swift! Uplift your heads, O Gates!
For lo! the King of Glory waits.
O Gates, close barred since Time has been,
The King of Glory shall come in!

Sights and Sounds On the East Side

By Alfred Henry Lewis

UPON this particular evening I began my investigation of the East Side at Luchow's. It covers three store floors, and every table was full. One can get a good dinner there. Also, there is an orchestra that for its success relies vastly on the 'cello, which deep-chested instrument commonly takes precedence in what orchestras are dominated in their management by the taste Teutonic.

Luchow's is held to be the proper place of regale by New York's painter and sculptor colony, and others who ventilate if they do not elevate the fine arts as a method of livelihood. The literary element, or that portion which runs to hair and Byronic collars and languid neckties done in flowing bowknots, is likewise represented. Since it is just across Fourteenth Street from Tammany Hall, in event of a night session of the district leaders, certain lynx-eyed, iron-jawed gentlemen, spruce of garb, stiffly upright as to collar—being, indeed, members of the Tammany nobility—and in appearance the antithesis of their literary and artistic neighbors, may be found employing themselves with sausages and lager at Luchow's. While the others talk of art and literature, these men of politics discuss the last police move of Commissioner McAdoo, and "What'll Jerome do next?" giving expression, now and then, to soul-born maledictions on Doctor Parkhurst and churchly interference in secular affairs—that is, "graft."

When we had dined we paid our score—in that café it grows to a goodly size—and departed, leaving the 'cello-ruled orchestra adrift on the Beautiful Blue Danube, the same being a splendid piece of music for the sale of beer. I've used the plural "we." By that pronoun I mean my friend and myself. My friend is from the Central Office in Mulberry Street.

It is well to accompany one's self with a detective when one pierces the penetralia of the East Side. Not because of peril, since none exists in any sense of the unusual, or to a blacker degree than might meet one in Broadway or Fifth Avenue. The whole city is the hunting-ground of Crime whenever Crime ties on its moccasins and seizes bow and arrow for the chase. No; you need a detective because the natives of the East Side are a tongueless brood, and not to be drawn into talk by strangers visiting within their gates. One will want the authority of the Central Office to command their loquacity.

Once outside the café we headed east for Third Avenue. My cigar went out, and we turned into Mr. Sharkey's establishment to remedy that evil. The pugilist, heavy of shoulder, heavy of face, was present as a reception committee, and welcomed us warmly.

This great warrior, like others of his tribe, is in nowise peppery of temper. The professional singer will not warble for fun or, in truth, for anything save money. The professional bruiser so much resembles his melodious brother of the opera that he will not fight for fun, and must know that a purse awaits his valor before he puts up his hands. Wherefore, the wayfarer is never more safe from insult or assault than when in the company of such men as make physical violence to their fellowmen a trade.

There are pictures upon Mr. Sharkey's walls, pictures more amazing than artistic. Women are admitted, but the etiquette imposed is of an iron rigidity.

"What do you think of Mr. Jeffries?" I asked of the proprietor, by way of conversation.

"Jeff's a good man," returned Mr. Sharkey huskily. "If I was tryin' to describe him I'd say he's a miniature of Terry McGovern. You know what a miniature is?" he asked, anxiety flaring up in his small gray eyes, lest he had used a word beyond my reach. On being made sure that I understood, he concluded: "Well, then, that's th' way I'd hand it out."

Mr. Sharkey is the most prosperous of our gladiators, and worth $100,000. This pleasant condition of wealth has broadened his ambitions.

By experts of the ring, Mr. Sharkey has not been reckoned the man he once was. I have often wondered how anybody could be the same man after fighting a long, fierce prize battle. The ferocious consumption of vitality, under such grueling circumstances, may be guessed at when one is told—I had this on the authority of Mr. White, the well-known referee—that at the end of at least one recent contest, which lasted under an hour and a half, the defeated man weighed thirteen pounds and the winner fourteen pounds less than when they stepped over the ropes. Is it marvel, then, that the gladiator dies young?

Speaking of prize-ring celebrities, it is worthy remark that they fight without anger, and with a deal less temper than is usually exhibited by a lawyer while trying a case. Mr. Fitzsimmons is also a notable conversationalist, a sort of Cyrano de Bergerac of the ring, and famous for the pithy remarks he addresses to his adversary.

"Hy say, Tam!" cried Mr. Fitzsimmons, while busy pounding Mr. Sharkey out of countenance—"Hy say, look hout for the ship now! 'Ere gows for its main taupsail! Hyme gowin' to poke a 'ole in it—bli' me!" The ship alluded to was that full-rigged bark sailing in tattoo across the wide chest of Mr. Sharkey.

The Irish champion is of a confiding nature. Misled by the persiflage, he dropped his hands to guard the ship. Thereupon Mr. Fitzsimmons, having advantage of his guilelessness and lowered guard, struck him a fearful blow in the mouth. This discouraged Sharkey tremendously, and he showed it, whereat Mr. Fitzsimmons laughed. A moment later, when the opening he waited for had come, Mr. Fitzsimmons made his concluding remark:

"Th' ship's sinkin'," said he as he drove in his big fist for the solar plexus.

Mr. Fitzsimmons spoke truth; the ship was sinking, and its captain went down and out.

Once again in Fourteenth Street and on a downtown car my guide, in response to a query I had put, began discoursing on East Side crime and criminals.

"Apropos of criminals, here's a pickpocket aboard the car," said my guide, as we stepped on to the platform. "He's a poke-getter."

In that jargon of the thieves, which the police adopt, a "prop" is a pin, a "clock" is a watch, and a "poke" is short for pocketbook. Hence a "poke-getter."

The artist in question was sitting in one of the rear corners of the car. From this vantage-point he could "size up" whoever boarded the car, and determine whether he was worth robbing.

"Here's his buncher," explained my detective. He indicated a moon-faced malefactor who was on the rear platform and appeared troubled by the words of Mr. O'Farrell. "This is his dead-one," continued the guide, laying his hand on a rat-faced urchin of about ten years. "Whenever the dip inside steals a pocketbook he passes it to this boy. In case of a collar no stolen property is found on the thief proper, the boy making off with the plunder at the first note of alarm."

We entered the car and took a seat by the side of the thief. He was a lurking creature, with a hang-dog air, a nose like a pen, and fishy eyes. I was told that he was not a best specimen of his guild.

"What are you doing?" asked the detective of the pen-nosed one, who did not seem at ease.

"I'm livin' square," said the pen-nosed one; "honest I am. I've packed in an' quit."

"There's your stall," said my guide disgustedly, indicating the moon-faced malefactor still on the platform. "That looks as though you'd quit! Come, cars weren't meant for crooks; you'd better hit the sidewalk."

The pen-nosed one "hit" the sidewalk at once, and the moon-faced malefactor did the same.

At the corner of Doyer Street and the Bowery we left the car and entered a house of call. The room there is of considerable size and the rosewood rum-counter by no

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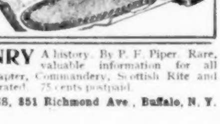

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AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

Illustrated by

HARRISON FISHER and CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

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Fred. A. Stokes Co., New York

means cheap. There were forty customers lounging about the tables or standing in groups. For the better, or perhaps one should say the worse part, these loiterers were panhandlers or beggars of inferior station, to whom a quarter would have been a coin of mighty size and meaning. One of them will live all day on a quarter. It means bed, and three glasses of beer, each beer with a free lunch which serves as a meal. The Bowery beer is sold by the glass, but the glass holds easily a quart. So far the Bowery has refused to be pinched by the beer trust.

In the East Side most of the places are embellished with pictures "done" on the walls, apparently with a whitewash brush. On the rear wall of this particular "joint" is a huge portrait of Washington on a violent white horse, the latter posed on its hindlegs. The father of his country is in conventional blue and buff, and waving his trenchant blade. The Bowery lad called our attention to this masterpiece, and particularly to a defunct British grenadier, over whose prostrate form the steed is leaping, then told us the story.

"Who is it?" the proprietor had demanded of the artist when brought face to face with Washington on the prancing horse.

"Who is it?" retorted the artist indignantly. "Who should it be but Washin'ton, th' father of his country?"

"Washin'ton? Who's Washin'ton?"

"Don't you know who Washin'ton is? Say, you ought to go to night-school! Washin'ton's th' duck who frees th' country from th' English. He's fightin' th' English in th' picture, only he's chased 'em over beyond that hill, d'ye see, an' so they're out o' sight."

"An' he bate th' English, did he?" asked the proprietor, his admiration beginning to blaze forth. "I can well belave it! Yez can see, be th' face of him, he's a brave man." Then as following a rapt glance at the heroic figure a bright thought came to him: "Say, I'll tell ye what I'll do. Paint me a dead Englishman right down there be his horse's fut, an' I'll give yez foor dollars more."

The generous albeit natural proffer was accepted, and the foreground enriched with that dead grenadier.

Speaking of Washington: that foremost American was in his day a resident of this identical East Side. During his first presidency he lived at No. 3 Cherry Street. The Brooklyn Bridge has one of its stone feet on the precise spot.

Doyer Street is not a street, but an alley, and its best feature is its lack of length. So narrow is Doyer Street that, when a cart does come through, the Chinese who inhabit Doyer Street have to take temporary refuge in the doorways, lest their blouses be torn off by the passing hubs.

We went into the Chinese theatre for a moment. It was well filled, and the pig-tailed audience, sitting on the backs of the chairs with their feet on the wooden seats, were enjoying the performance immensely. To play the drama then holding the stage takes four months; they had reeled off six weeks of it when I was there.

The management and the entire troupe live in the ground under the theatre, and we went below to see how they were getting along. The chef of the establishment was busy over a cooking-stove, preparing a repast. Off in the shadows of a far corner the thin treble of two small pigs was heard. A score or more of chickens stalked solemnly about, and got under the scurrying sandals of the five deputy-cooks, with whom they seemed to be on terms of confidence.

In front of the stove, although the night was not cold, sat a friendless Mongol, his clawlike hands held toward the blaze. His hair was out of queue, and tousled; his blouse and other habiliments were rusty. I spoke to him; he never heeded, but kept his lack-lustre eyes on the fire.

The chef looked up from the kettle of potatoes into which he was diving with a long skewer, and grinned. Then he tapped his forehead.

"Him nutty," said the chef, pointing to the unkempt one.

In finding our way out of Doyer Street we were drawn into a little doggery by the "tump-tump!" of a piano, and the scuffle of a dance. The room wasn't thirty feet long, and was cut in two with a ramshackle partition. On the grimy wall hung a placard. It carried this moderate warning:

NO DISCUSSION OF
POLITICS
OR
RELIGION
ALLOWED. THIS GOES

The piano that had lured us was of that flat, tin-pan tone which bespeaks a veteran service. It was drummed upon by a bleary personage, who at sight of us began banging forth such a hurly-burly of sounds that the uproar must have set a-shudder every other piano in the vicinity. The darky who was dancing likewise redoubled his exertion. Altogether our entrance went not without éclat.

"What do you pay him?" I asked the barkeeper, indicating the hardworking colored person.

"Pad-money," returned the barkeeper, with a cynical and slighting glance at the colored person—"Pad-money. An' from dem steps he's passin' out, I'd say it's twict too much."

The detective, who, by virtue of his office, is bound to understand the East Side, gave me to know that "pad-money" meant enough to pay for bed and breakfast—say thirty cents.

In one corner were two women and a trio of men. The men had Rogues' Gallery faces, and were thieves of the cheap grade known as "lush-workers." The latter, translated into English, means those who rob drunken men.

It is bad form on the East Side to rob a drunken man in a saloon, since it might give the place a bad name. These birds of prey lie in wait about the rumshops, and when some sailor ashore leaves the place, too much under the influence to protect himself, they follow him—"tail him," they call it—and take all he has. The only one they fear is a policeman. So that no officer be near, they will plunder their victim in sight of a whole street.

No one will tell; the first lesson the East Side learns is to never inform or give evidence. One who does is called a "snitch," and the wage of a snitch is death.

The "lush-workers" pay a per cent. of their pillage to what saloons they infest for the privilege of lying in wait. Robbing a victim is called "trimming." The word, however, is a wide one in its definition, and to cheat, or rob, or beat, or kill a man is to "trim" him.

One of the three men was old, and gray of hair.

"He used to be a pickpocket," explained my detective, "and worked the cars and ferries. But he got sent away to Sing Sing a couple of times, and it broke his nerve. Now the best he can do is go through a drunken man when he's asleep."

In the course of conversation I learned that there is an age limit to go with pocket-picking, just as there is with prize-fighting. A pickpocket is never "good" after he passes forty years.

Children from twelve to seventeen make the best pickpockets; their hands are steady, and their confidence has not been marred by years in prison. There are twenty "Fagins"—the police use Dickens' name in designating them—on the East Side training children to pick pockets. These Fagins have dummy men and women rigged up, their garments covered with tiny bells. The pockets of a figure are filled—watch, purse, cardcase, handkerchief, gloves. Not until an urchin can empty every pocket without ringing a bell is he fit to go into the street.

If my guide recognized the trio of thieves in the corner with their beer, they on their side knew him, or at least his calling.

"He's a 'bull,'" whispered the oldster, his nose in his beer glass.

In the strange language of the region, a "bull" is a detective. A policeman in uniform is a "harness bull." Our stay was brief, and as we arose to go a look of relief floated across the furtive faces of that triumvirate of slippery ones.

We met a big-chested policeman in Chatham Square. As he strutted along, a small yellow dog slouched close at his heels.

"What's the dog for?" I asked him. "Is he here to protect you?"

The policeman paused and bent upon the little yellow dog a benign though patronizing look. The little yellow dog glanced up shyly, wagging the while a wistful tail.

"He's lost," vouchsafed the policeman; "and he's put it up to me to find where he lives."

Then he explained how all dogs, once they be lost, make hot-foot for the nearest policeman.

"They know what a cop is for," said the big-chested one, "as well as folks." Then, to the little yellow dog: "Come on, my son; we'll land you all right yet."

The two continued down the street and disappeared.

Chatham Square, sixty years ago, was a favorite fighting-ground, and it was here that the Know Nothings, or American party,

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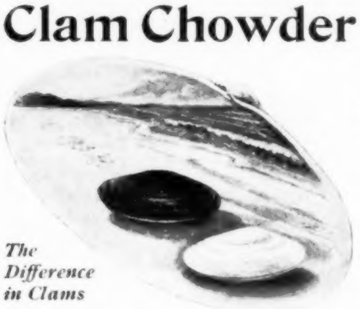

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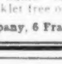
SQUABS  SQUABS

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captained by such strenuous gentlemen as Tom Hyer and Bill Poole, met the militant Democrats, led by John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan. Four wards corner on Chatham Square, which isn't a square but a triangle, and it has this feature, shared only by Rome and Boston Common, that every street or road for miles around, and whether it run east, or west, or north, or south, leads into it.

Coming out of Chatham Square into a dingy side street, we dodged down five steps, and opened the door of an Italian wine-cellar. It was of rudest sort, and the nesting-place of a bevy of street musicians, a dozen of whom were seated about, quaffing Chianti. Their harps, fiddles and hand-organs had been chucked into corners, and a general air of being off duty pervaded the scene. The room was blue with smoke, and since the inmates all talked at once there arose a prodigious jabber. They paid no attention to visitors, being honest folk. A musical point was in dispute; as though proving something, two of them suddenly seized on harp and fiddle and tore off a sprightly tune. Then they went back to their Chianti and their jabbering bicker.

Near where we had seated ourselves reposed a small hand-organ. It was of the pipe, not the piano, variety. Crouched against it, and plainly appertaining thereunto, was a small mouse-hued monkey, fast asleep. The day's work had told on him, and he was fatigued of much bowing and scraping for coppers. Not all the chatter, not the sudden serenade on harp and fiddle, served to stir the profundity of his slumbers.

My guide reached down and gave the handle of the little monkey's particular hand-organ a twist or two. Perhaps three notes were elicited; it was enough. The little monkey was weary, but he knew the voice, and heard in it a trumpet-call to duty. With the earliest squeak he sprang up, winking and blinking, and then, doffing his small red hat, began begging me for pennies. I gave him a dime, as I did not think it right to disturb his dreams for nothing. He put it into some recondite pocket of his scanty jacket, and then, since the hand-organ had lapsed into silence, curled up for another snooze.

In talking with my detective I was taught many things. There are two great gangs on the East Side: the Five Points gang and the old Monk Eastman gang. A final muster of either would call forth a thousand men. Commonly, these gangs break into little clots or groups, which range from ten to fifty in point of membership. Each little gang has its headquarters, always a saloon, and a lieutenant leads it forth to war.

These gangs are not intended as a menace to the public, although their memberships are wholly criminal. They have come together to oppose each other, and many and fierce are the clan battles they wage. The Five Points gang is made up in the main of Italians, and the Monk Eastman gang of Russian Jews. The controlling spirits are Irish, as possessing more downright courage, more war enterprise, than do the other nationalities. They are a stunted litter, these gang men, and seldom stand taller than five feet four inches. They are as vicious as rats, and have many ratlike characteristics, their shifty, beady eyes being by no means the least striking. A pistol, or a pistol and knife, can be found on every one of them.

The personal courage of these gangsters is not great; they are apt to run from the onslaught of an outsider. However, this is not necessarily due to cowardice, but, as they would phrase it, "there would be nothin' in the scrap." They dislike exertion, even the exertion of fighting, and unless it be to gain money or spoil, or a "point of honor" is involved as in their duels and wars with one another, they will back away or fly from attack. In their gang battles—which occur as often as two or three times a week—or when fighting the police, their favorite tactics is to lie on the ground and shoot. Thus they save themselves from the clubs of the police; also, the peril from hostile lead is reduced to minimum.

You are inclined to doubt that count of two or three gang battles a week? If anything the figures should be higher. Why doesn't one hear of it through the press? Because the police don't report it. The thing is commonplace; moreover, it would get the police criticised, and they are granted enough of that biting commodity of criticism without inviting it through foolish frankness. The East Side hospitals, however, will tell you of a better weekly average than fifty patients suffering from knife or gunshot wounds.

Monk Eastman, not over-long ago, retired from East Side life as the fruit of a gun-fight, and my detective described another man as having succeeded to the Eastman throne. It was at a groggery in a side street we found this monarch. A dozen of his immediate gang—in the grand economy of gang-life these form an order of nobility—were with him. He owned dull, leaden eyes, was square of face and square of shoulder, with a figure short and stout and stubby. He had fought three or four prize-fights, winning no unusual fame.

But we found him reticent and embarrassed. This was due to the official character of my guide, plus the fact that the jealous eyes of the king's followers were upon him. It is no advantage to a gentleman of his standing to be seen in converse with a detective. Should one of the others be arrested within a day or a week, he reverts to that conversation and imagines it had somewhat to do with his troubles.

"Take a walk with us," said the detective, after presenting the gang chieftain. "My friend wants to talk with you."

The chief was reluctant. Sinking his voice, and giving a suspicious glance over his shoulder at his myrmidons—not ten feet away and every dubious eye upon him—he remonstrated:

"Say, won't some other time do? I don't want to leave me push settin' here, to go walkin' wit' a plain-clothes man from d' Central Office. W'y can't I come uptown?" This last pleadingly.

"Very well," returned the detective, relenting. "We'll fix on some night, and have you come uptown."

With a short "Good-evenin'," the gang chief lapsed again into the broken circle of his adherents, while we proceeded on our way. The plan, however, to have the gang leader meet with us where there would be fewer watchful eyes had to be abandoned. Within an hour after parting with him, a certain follower, owning a grievance and a gun, shot and killed him on the spot where we had talked.

No, there's no chance of the murderer's conviction. Being a man of caution, and as clearly understanding what would be required on the witness-stand as though he had read nothing save Greenleaf on Evidence all his life, he was carefully accompanied on this homicidal occasion by half a dozen of his tribe, all of whom are prepared to swear that he has never possessed a pistol and never fired a shot.

The Millionaires

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS says "those who study millionaires will observe that none of them is commonplace. Each is emphatic for something, if it be no more than the stormy petrel hilarity of Deacon White, whose spirits rise with the tempest, and who, while panic ruled and ruin strewed the Street, clapped a fellow-stockist on the shoulder, crying:

"'Cheer up, George—the worst is still to come!'

"That one, however, the angles of whose genius outnumber all the rest, is Mr. Lawson. He hasn't a fad, he has fads; and they aren't fads, they're passions. His taste is as catholic as his religion. He loves flowers, gems, books, pictures, bronzes, music, dogs, cows, horses, boats; and what he loves he cultivates. He is merry, frank, friendly, fearless, and laughs in the face of fortune, white or black. Not alone is he a speculator—a promoter; he is a thinker, a talker, and—last and most difficult—a writer of power, one who can tip a phrase with fire and send it home like a javelin.

"Now and then I have thought—for the reason folk visit Niagara or the Alps—that I should make a pilgrimage to Boston, search out Mr. Lawson, and, in the words of ex-Chief Devery, 'look him over.' I am the more moved to this by a recollection of that fraternal spirit abroad in Boston to color all she does, and which I have always experienced when I visited that centre. I remember no other place where I was thus met half-way, unless it be Philadelphia.

"On my first invasion of Philadelphia, and at the very threshold of my introduction to the Philadelphia Club, an elderly gentleman, a perfect stranger, arose and offered to wrestle me one fall, backhold, collar-and-elbow, or catch-as-catch-can. I declined on the plea that I had come for luncheon, not exercise; whereat he conveyed me to the basement in the most confiding fashion, to have my opinion of a bulldog which he had brought across from England."

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The Reading Table

Uncle Ephraim's Notions

WHEN er stranger comes erlong and wants to gib me som'fin fer nuthin', I tells him I'se too poor ter trade.

Most ob us who thinks we're as innercent as lambs wouldn't bring much as mutton.

When de man brags he's as honest as de day am long, ye'd bettah lock de chickenhouse afore hit gits dark.

When I done told Mandy dat de stitch in time sabed nine, she sent me two miles to town fer de cotton.

Yaas, sah, a leetle larnin' am a bery dan-ger'us thing. Hit makes de boy too good to saw wood an' not good ernough to own er sawmill.

Dar's nuthin' new undah de sun, dey say. Well, well, dis darky allers did like de shade.

Ef time am money, an' money am de root ob all ebil, an' de Bible tells us to keep out ob ebil ways, whar's de sin ob cuttin' work an' goin' fishin'?

Mrs. Cain

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, of Virginia, addressed the New Jersey Legislature a few days ago in connection with a commemorative celebration at the historic town of Jamestown. After his speech the conversation drifted to the early history of Virginia and incidentally the matrimonial alliance between Captain John Smith and Pocahontas.

"I never discuss marriage," said General Lee, "without thinking of an old colored preacher in my State who was addressing his dark-skinned congregation when a white man rose up in the back of the building.

"'Mr. Preacher,' said the white man.

"'Sir to you,' said the parson.

"'Mr. Preacher, you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod after he killed Abel. But the Bible only mentions Adam and Eve as being on the earth at that time. Who, then, did Cain marry? Did he marry his mother?'

"The colored preacher snorted with unfeigned contempt.

"'Huh!' he said. 'You hear dat, bredderen and sisters? You hear dat fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nod, just as de Good Book tells us, and in de land o' Nod Cain gits so lazy an' so shif'less dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no-count pore white trash famílies dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word.'"

Suggs, Mathematician

"AND Grosvenor is a mathematician, you say," recently remarked Congressman John H. Small, of North Carolina, as he glanced at the grizzled features of the gentleman from Athens. "Have you ever noticed," continued Mr. Small, "how few mathematicians ever get to be big men in public or political life? Figure them out for yourself.

"In North Carolina I had a schoolmate named Suggs. He could take a row of figures and run up on them like a squirrel up a tree. For miles around he was held up as an example by fond mothers to their boys less bright in arithmetic than Suggs was. He soon became an object of universal jealousy. Older people predicted that at thirty he would be in Congress; at forty in the Senate; at fifty, President.

"Ten years have passed since I first came to Congress, and I see very little of many of my constituents. But recently, when I returned and was wandering aimlessly along a familiar road, I saw a wagon approach, and seated in the vehicle was a driver dressed in homespun. A ten-cent straw hat covered his head. Looking into his face, I saw features that seemed familiar, though I couldn't recall the name. I got up on the little wagon at his invitation and rode along. Both of us looked at each other curiously while the horseflies sang about his oxen's ears. Presently a big fellow lit on the horn of 'Whisky.' With unerring aim the driver killed it with his whip.

"'Gosh dang it,' he exclaimed, 'that makes a hundred and nine I got to-day!'

"And then," concluded Mr. Small, "I knew. There was Suggs, the mathematician."

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(Keep an eye on the calendar.)

MAY, 1905.						
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so far as present prices are concerned, and higher prices will then go into effect. Unquestionably many persons — thousands probably — who have made up their minds to buy this new *magnum opus* of world-history will put the matter off until the prices have been advanced, and, as the penalty of delay, will pay more for the same book. But those who ***Act at Once*** still have time enough to enter their subscriptions and get the benefit of the reduced prices which were decided upon in order to introduce the history in the quickest and most effective way. These prices, which can apply only to the first edition, are

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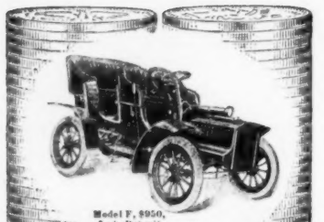

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THE TRIUMPHS OF EUGÈNE VALMONT

(*Concluded from Page 4*)

"Not one."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Oh, quite! What is the name of the volume he bought?"

"That I cannot decipher. The initial letter looks like 'M,' but the rest is a mere wavy line. I see, however, that it cost twelve and sixpence, while the postage by parcel post was sixpence, which shows it weighed something under four pounds. This, with the price of the book, induces me to think it was a scientific work.

"The third account is for wall-paper: twenty-seven rolls of an expensive wall-paper, and twenty-seven rolls of a cheap paper. This wall-paper seems to have been supplied by a tradesman in the station road in the village of Chizelrigg."

"There's your wall-paper," said the youth, waving his hand. "He was going to paper the whole house, Higgins told me, but got tired after he had finished the library, which took him nearly a year to do, for he worked at it very intermittently, mixing the paste in the boudoir, a pailful as he needed it. It was a scandalous thing to do, for underneath the paper is the most exquisite oak paneling."

"What became of the cheap paper?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"I think," said I, "we are on the track of the mystery. I believe that paper covers a sliding panel or concealed door."

"It is very likely," replied the earl. "I intended to have that paper off, only I had no money to pay a workman, and I am not so industrious as my uncle. What is your last account?"

"The last is also paper, but comes from the firm of Braun & Sons, in Budge Row, London, E. C. He has had, it seems, one thousand sheets of it, and it appears to be frightfully expensive. This bill is also illegible, but I take it one thousand sheets were supplied."

"I don't know anything about that. Let's turn on Higgins."

Higgins knew nothing of this last order of paper. The wall-paper mystery he at once cleared up. Apparently the old man had found that the heavy, expensive wall-paper would not stick on the glossy paneling of the walls, so he had purchased a cheaper paper, and had pasted that on first.

"But," I objected, "the two papers were bought and delivered at the same time, therefore he could not have found by experiment that the heavy paper would not stick."

"I don't think there is much in that," objected the earl. "The heavy paper may have been bought first, and found to be unsuitable, and then the coarse, cheap paper bought afterward. The bill merely shows that the account was sent in on that date."

I was forced to confess that this seemed reasonable.

Now, about the book from Denny's. Did Higgins remember anything regarding it? It came four years ago.

Ah, yes, Higgins did—he remembered it very well, indeed. He had come in one morning with the earl's tea, and the old man was sitting up in bed reading this volume with so much interest that he had not heard Higgins knock, and Higgins himself, being a little hard of hearing, had taken for granted a command to enter. The earl had thrust the book under the pillow, alongside the revolver, and had rated Higgins in a most cruel way for entering the room before getting permission to do so. He had never seen the earl so angry before, and he laid it all to this book. It was after the book had come that the forge had been erected and the anvil bought. Higgins had never seen the book again, but one morning, six months before the earl died, and when he was getting rather feeble, Higgins had raked out the cinders of the forge, and among them he found what he took to be a corner of the cover of this book.

Having dismissed Higgins, I said:

"The first thing to be done is to inclose that bill to Denny & Co., booksellers, Strand. Tell them you have lost the volume, and ask them to send another. There is likely some one in the shop who can decipher this illegible writing. I am certain that book will give us a clew. Now, I shall write to Braun & Sons, Budge Row. This is evidently a French company; in fact, the name as connected with paper-making runs in my mind, though I cannot at this moment place it. I shall ask them the use of the paper they furnished to the late earl."

This was done, and now, as we thought, until the answers came, we were two men out of work. Yet the next morning, I am pleased to say—and I have always rather plumed myself on the fact—I solved the mystery before replies were received from London. Of course, both the book and the answer of the paper-agents, by putting two and two together, would have given us the key.

After breakfast I strolled somewhat aimlessly into the library, the floor of which was now strewn merely with brown wrapping-paper, bits of string, and all that. As I shuffled among this with my feet, as if tossing aside dead autumn leaves in a forest path, my attention was suddenly drawn to several squares of paper, unwrinkled, and never used for wrapping. These sheets seemed to me strangely familiar. I picked one of them up, and at once the significance of the name Braun & Sons occurred to me. They were paper-makers in France who produced a smooth, very tough sheet, which, dear as it was, proved infinitely cheap compared with the fine vellum it deposed in a certain branch of industry. In Paris, years before, these sheets had given me knowledge of how a gang of thieves disposed of their gold without melting it. The paper was used instead of vellum in the rougher processes of manufacturing gold-leaf. It stood the constant beating of the hammer nearly as well as the vellum, and here at once there flashed on me the secret of the old man's midnight anvil-work. He was transforming his sovereigns into gold-leaf, which must have been of a rude, thick kind, because to produce the gold-leaf of commerce he still needed the vellum as well as a "kutch," and other machinery of which we had found no trace.

"My lord," I called to my host—he was at the other end of the room. "I wish to test a theory on the anvil of your own fresh common-sense."

"Hammer away," said the earl.

"I have eliminated the safe from our investigations because it was purchased thirteen years ago, but the buying of the book, of wall-paper, of this tough paper from France, all group themselves into a set of incidents occurring within the same month as the purchase of the anvil and the building of the forge. Here are the sheets of paper got from Budge Row. Have you ever seen anything like it? Try to tear that sheet."

"It's reasonably tough," said his lordship.

"Yes; it is made in France, and is used in gold-beating. Your uncle beat his sovereigns into gold-leaf. You will find that the book from Denny's is a volume on gold-beating, and now, as I remember that scribbled word which I could not make out, I think the title of the volume is Metallurgy."

"I believe you," said the earl, "but I don't see that the discovery helps much."

"Let's examine this wall-paper," said I.

I placed my knife under a corner of it at the floor, and quite easily ripped off a large section. As Higgins had said, the brown paper was at the top, and the coarse, light-colored paper underneath, but even that came away from the oak paneling as easily as though it hung there from habit, and not through paste.

"Feel the weight of that," I cried, handing him the sheet I had torn from the wall.

"By Jove!" said the earl, almost in awe.

I took it from him, and laid it, face downward, on the wooden table, threw a little water on the back, and with a knife scraped away the porous white paper. Instantly there gleamed up at us the yellow of the gold.

"You see how it is," I cried. "The old man first covered the entire wall with this whitish paper. He heated his sovereigns at the forge, and beat them out on the anvil, then completed the process rudely between the sheets of this paper from France. Probably he pasted the gold to the wall as soon as he shut himself in for the night, and covered it with the more expensive wall-paper before Higgins came in the morning."

We found afterward, however, that he had actually fastened the thick sheets of gold with carpet-tacks.

His lordship netted a trifle over £123,000 through my discovery, and I am pleased to pay tribute to the young man's generosity by saying that his settlement made my bank account as stout as a city alderman.

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A RETURN TO NATURE

(Continued from Page 7)

Thereupon John Mills waxed caustic, Mrs. Van Sickle protestant, and Mr. Crane most unexpectedly explanatory.

"I—I looked it," he confessed, exhibiting the telltale key which he still clutched. "It was I."

For once in accord, John Mills and Mrs. Van Sickle glared stonily upon the pink-clad blunderer.

"Why?" they chorused.

"Why!" repeated Mr. Crane unhappily. "I don't know."

Still in complete unison his inquisitors turned their backs.

"Pinhead!" ejaculated Mr. Mills.

"Hero!" cried Mrs. Van Sickle; but this was to Oliver.

The latter heard little of all this, being preoccupied in supplementing with his cravenette the charming yet unsubstantial garment in which Georgiana had made her escape. This friendly act reduced his own apparent resources to a pair of heelless slippers and a bathrobe.

Then, as the sky flushed with dawn, Zoroaster Barnes mustered his guests and by dint of a charred register made sure that the huge bed of coals which represented his hostelry did not also veil a tragedy. The common safety established, he stated that, thanks to an unburned stable and a lucky supply of food in an outlying storehouse, he proposed, free of charge, to make everybody comfortable until they could hear from their friends. John Mills led a cheer at this announcement, and went in private to console, and, if need be, befriend, the sturdy sufferer.

But the innkeeper asked no sympathy.

"I 'lowed U quit th' business this fall," he remarked.

"But not at a loss."

"No," agreed Zoroaster; "not at a loss—an' I hain't! I reckon I never mentioned that I deal a little in fire insurance."

John Mills looked the admiration he found no adequate words to voice.

"I'm not in your class, Barnes," he said solemnly. "The atmosphere of high finance in which you move is too rarefied for me."

In the mean time, the company began to take thought of its appearance. This was unconventional, judged even by the lenient standard of the late Sunset Inn. Collectively, it betrayed a striking dearth of hairpins and footgear, humble accessories of polite society, but amazingly hard to replace at short notice by any forest makeshift. In detail, the range of loss was appalling, and may not be set forth save by an intimate review, which charity forbids. If a shirtwaist seemed a shirtwaist, well and good. If a petticoat of many colors sought to do unobtrusive service as a dress-skirt nobody found heart to cavil at its attempt. Yet some things there were which imaginative art might not do. It could not, for example, beguile one into thinking the burlap sack, from which Master Van Sickle's head and limbs projected, other than a former receptacle for guano. Neither could it by any witchery persuade Mr. Crane that pink pajamas resemble outing flannels, so that the poor gentleman early abandoned the delusion and, with a disgust for the garb of the ancients he had never dreamed to experience, draped his shrinking person togawise in a sheet.

Mrs. Van Sickle, on the contrary, appeared to distinct advantage in a house-gown of Constance's, for the Mills ladies, owing to their earlier warning, had fared better than most. It was this comfortable assurance of becoming draperies, heightened by the discovery that they bore a Paris label, which prompted Mrs. Van Sickle to turn a critical eye upon her daughter, whom she spied in friendly proximity to Oliver Mills. Georgiana, too, was looking exceedingly well, she reflected; then, noting details, she stared aghast. For a long moment she hesitated, assuring her incredulous brain that her vision played it no trick.

"Child!" she cried, bearing down upon them in outraged propriety. "What do I see!"

The girl's expression ran a swift gamut from utter bewilderment to rosy comprehension.

"Oh!" she said, perceiving the meaning of the leveled finger. "You—you see Oliver's bathrobe. He thought the raincoat better suited him, and so we exchanged."

"You exchanged?" Mrs. Van Sickle's eyes invoked high Heaven.

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Constance's laugh rang out. "But with my assistance," she assured her mother.

"And under my chaperonage," added Mrs. Mills quietly.

Mrs. Van Sickle was unappeased.

"Even so!" she sighed. "Even so!"

Oliver came forward.

"It may mitigate the horror of it somewhat," he said, "if I tell you all that Georgiana is my wife."

For thirty seconds there was complete silence. Then Oliver's father feelingly broke the pause.

"Suffering cats!" he remarked.

This explosion cleared the air.

"When?" sobbed Mrs. Van Sickle, extending forgiving arms. "Where?"

"Last night," answered Georgiana, laughing and crying at once. "About ten o'clock last night, in the Sunset Inn."

John Mills conceived an idea.

"You don't mean to tell me," he began, "that Zoroaster Barnes——"

"Has still another accomplishment?" supplied Oliver. "Yes. He's a justice of the peace."

The Memoirs of an American

(Continued from Page 11)

"The time is coming," I went on, careless whether she repeated to Mr. Dround my views, "and mighty quick, too, when that man Strauss will have the food products business of this country in his fist, and the rest of us will be his hired men, and take what he gives us!"

"What are you two talking about in this intimate way?" Sarah broke in.

"The future," Mrs. Dround said.

"Business," I added.

"Business!" Sarah sniffed, and I knew I had done something I ought not. "And Nevada singing so divinely to-night! Come, Van, I want you to meet Mr. Morehead." And I was led away from our hostess to keep me out of mischief.

On our way home after the opera Sarah and I talked of Mrs. Dround. I had never met any woman like her, and my head was full of her talk.

"Yes," Sarah admitted slowly, "she seemed to like you. But did you see how she treated the Carmichaels? Just civil, and hardly that. Nobody can understand Jane. She just does as she wants always."

"I know she has a great head for business. If she were in Henry L.'s shoes——"

"I don't see why you say that! I am sure you never hear the least word about business in their house."

I smiled at Sarah's heat.

"Anyway, it would be strange if she didn't know something about money-making. Her father was old Joe Sanson—they say he was a half-breed, and made his money trading with the Indians and getting Government lands. Father used to tell stories about him. I heard that he left her a great deal of money, but nobody knows much about her or her affairs. She's so silent."

"I didn't find her so."

Sarah apparently did not altogether share my enthusiasm for Mrs. Dround.

"Tell me," she demanded, "just what she said to you, every word."

"I can't. She talks with her eyes most of the time."

"Oh, I hate to have men talk business with women!"

"Why, Sarah, business is the whole thing with me. There isn't anything else I can talk about except you."

"Talk about me, then. I shall have to keep you out of Jane's way. I don't want you to talk to her about things I don't understand."

"Why not?"

She shivered and drew me closer to her.

"Because, Jane—I am afraid of Jane. She is so strong, and I am so weak. If she wanted you, or anybody, she would take you."

For all reply I kissed her good-night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Guatemala Pepino

By DAVID G. FAIRCHILD

Agricultural Explorer of the Department of Agriculture

WITH a flavor and perfume fragrant as a muskmelon, flesh that melts in your mouth like that of a luscious peach, a gorgeous purple and yellow skin no thicker than tissue-paper, and with no seed, no pit, or fibre, no waste of any kind, the pepino of Guatemala holds out promise as a new fruit for our sub-tropical orange belt, which may soon become a prime favorite in our markets. The pepino grows, not on a tree, but on a plant, after the habit of the tomato.

From the mountain valleys of Central America, some years ago, young pepino plants were brought to California by Dr. Gustav Eisen, and in the sheltered, almost frostless regions of that State these and their progeny are growing and fruiting regularly; and whenever the American people come to know enough about this delicate breakfast fruit to demand it, a new industry of pepino growing will be started upon the Pacific slope. In the neighborhood of Olive, California, are already a number of fields of this fruit. Like all new things, however, it requires starting, and so long as only a few hundred or a few thousand people know about it there is no chance of its becoming a profitable fruit culture.

The tomato remained unknown as an edible fruit for decades after it was commonly grown for ornamental purposes in this country, and the pomelo or grapefruit was eaten only by the "Crackers" of Florida for years before it became known in the markets of the North.

On the terraced hillsides of the Canary Islands and Madeira, pepinos, the descendants of some potted plants brought by a wealthy Englishman from a Liverpool hothouse, are cultivated in great abundance, and the Canary Islanders take them to market in their quaint wagons, or in baskets balanced on their heads. Great heaps of these striped yellow and purple fruits are on sale in the market stalls, and many find their way to the hotel tables, where they are winning every year for themselves, among the foreign guests, a host of enthusiastic friends. These admirers talk of them when they return to England and even carry baskets full of them to their friends when they sail. The writer knows of one Englishman who was so taken with their lusciousness that he had built a special greenhouse in the South of England in which to grow the pepino for his own use.

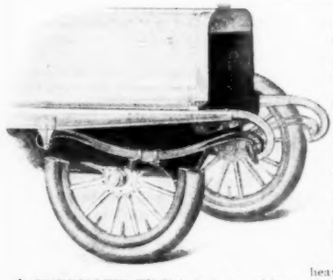
This seedless Guatemala fruit belongs to the same remarkable family as the tomato, potato and eggplant, all of which have been introduced into cultivation in comparatively recent times, and form to-day lucrative and extensive plant industries all over the world. Unlike any of these species, however, the pepino does not mature in a single year, requiring at least two years to produce its succulent fruits. Like all seedless species it must be propagated from cuttings, but in the Canaries and Madeira, where the climate is eminently suited to its cultivation, the growers multiply their plants by merely breaking off a branch of the bushlike plant and inserting it in the moist, irrigated ground. In eight or nine months from setting out these young bushes come into bearing and produce a few fruit, but it is not until the second year that they are in full bearing, and I have seen as many as forty at a time upon a single plant. In the Canaries the fruits ripen from April until August, and in California they come into the market in May or June. For about two years the bushes bear heavily, but it is desirable to renew them a third year.

Although occasionally offered on the Los Angeles markets, like all new fruits they require to be advertised.

Considering the fact that no experiments have been made to improve its quality since it was brought from the mountains of Guatemala, experts are not unwarranted in predicting a vast improvement in the flavor of this fruit by means of selection.

A good shipper, a fair keeper, a pretty, novel, striking fruit which is absolutely seedless ought to find a place on our tables, and requires only to be better known to be appreciated by thousands of the cantaloup-eating public as a change from the well-known menu of our spring fruits.

Why Winton Twin-Springs save Tires



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Its compressed air cushion responds to a thousand minor vibrations that never reach the Steel Carriage Springs.

And every vibration is a Bounce, in miniature.

There are just so many Bounces in the life of any Pneumatic Tire.

You may therefore figure Tire-cost at so much per bounce.

And, that cost is tremendously high when compared with the cost, per bounce, of Spring Steel.

But, the regular steel springs on Motor-Cars are too stiff to do the work of Pneumatic Tires.

Because, these steel springs must be made strong enough to receive the hardest shocks, with the heaviest loads.

Thus they cannot be made light enough—sensitive enough—to relieve the Tires of the million minor bounces per hour.

And so, the Pneumatic Tires must do 90 per cent. of the springing.

That's why they wear out, and are such an expensive item in the year's running.

That's why the Twin-Springs of the "1905 Winton" were invented and patented.

Because, each of the four Winton Springs is really two springs in one, or eight springs on each carriage.

Note (in picture) that the car-body, and the Motor, ride (in the Winton) on the thin steel of the upper springs.

These upper springs are so sensitive that they respond even quicker than the Tires to slight vibrations, and minor shocks.

They thus do most of the "spring" work before the Pneumatic Tires can do it. In this way they relieve the Tires of about two-thirds the Bouncing that wears them out.

Figure that out in dollars and cents and you'll see its importance.

But, these sensitive springs would be impracticable on a car without the Winton auxiliary springs, which are shackled beneath them for emergency work.

When running over rough roads, or with heavy loads, the sensitive upper springs receive the support of the lower springs every time the Car bounces over a railway track, or over a "thank-ye-mum."

These auxiliary springs then come into action only when needed, relieving the Tires of their severest work and their most destructive strain.

Consider what these Winton Twin-Springs mean to the life of the Motor, as well as to the wear of the Tires.

Consider the double comfort they give in riding over average country roads.

Consider the greater speed you can drive a Winton at, when you know that the Motor, Tires and Passengers are insured against jar, by these compensating springs.

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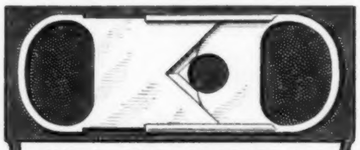

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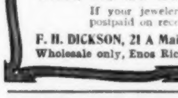

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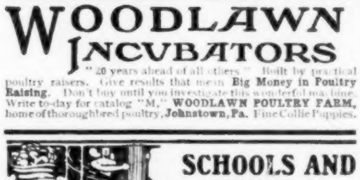

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Taking a Line of Locomotives on the Road

(Continued from Page 9)

"You are running neck and neck," he said. "I confess I had hoped you would have made a better showing. I have thought over the matter, and I intend to do what I can to give you an order at least for the engine you have brought down here. It will depend on the speed trial, however. I want a fast express engine to make some experiments with, and I would prefer yours. We will hold the trial the first of next week. The run will be over the level track through the salt marshes between Dean Funes and Recreo, which is about ninety miles. There will be stops at Quilino, San Jose and Totoralejos, and you will take water once. Mr. Brewster has very generously offered to make the first run, which will be next Monday, and you can make yours the following morning. If you fail I cannot order even one engine from you. All will depend on this speed run."

I rejoined Mart on the engine at the *talleres*.

"The queer thing about it is Brewster's uncommon generosity," I told him. "Why, the man is really giving us a chance. Of course, they will try to keep the figures of his run secret, but you know what that means. Now, why did he offer to make the first run instead of drawing lots, which is the usual thing on a single-track road like this?"

"He has something up his sleeve, mark me," replied Mart. "He's not the chap to give a competitor the sixteenth part of an inch, I'll bet a peso!"

That night both of us slept on the engine — and each succeeding night until we received orders to run to Dean Funes, the starting point of the speed trial. The Monday selected for Brewster's run found us going over every bit of coal furnished us by the *talleres*. I believe either Mart or I examined each lump almost with the care devoted to diamonds.

At noon, on Monday, Brewster pulled out from the station. The train was made up of a luggage car, two ordinary passenger coaches and the general manager's private car. Accompanying Mr. Duncan were a number of friends and a director of the road, who happened to be in the country on a visit.

It was eight o'clock when they returned. I was at the station, and as the general manager left his car he said briefly:

"We have had a good run. I will be ready at nine prompt in the morning. This train will be made up for you at that hour."

Mart learned that night that the British locomotive had made the ninety miles in two hours, twenty-three minutes and twenty seconds, including stops, which was better than I had expected. But it was not better than the A-1 could do if she had a fair show, I was quite positive.

Neither of us slept much that night. Long before daybreak we were going over the engine, tightening this nut and easing the strain on that. We examined the injectors, emptied and refilled all the oil-cups, and did everything in our power to put the engine in fighting trim.

At nine o'clock to the minute the general manager and his guests appeared. A few minutes later we pulled out on the supreme trial. Just before leaving the station Mr. Duncan joined us in the cab and took the seat on the fireman's side without a word.

I felt strangely confident. The very touch of the throttle, and the almost intelligent manner in which the engine slipped along under my coaxing, sent a thrill through me the like of which I had not felt for many a day. Mart, his broad, coal-begrimed face beaming in the ruddy glare of the furnace, shoveled and sliced away for dear life.

We struck a slight downgrade just outside of Dean Funes, and in less than five minutes we were fairly flying. I caught sight of the general manager's face on the other side of the cab, and saw that he was smiling in a gratified manner.

As we pulled up at the little station of Quilino, twenty-four kilometers from Dean Funes, I glanced at my watch. We had gained a minute and eight seconds on the Britisher's run.

The next station was San Jose, forty-eight kilometers from the starting point. When we slowed down I turned from the throttle to find the general manager at my elbow. He was consulting his watch.

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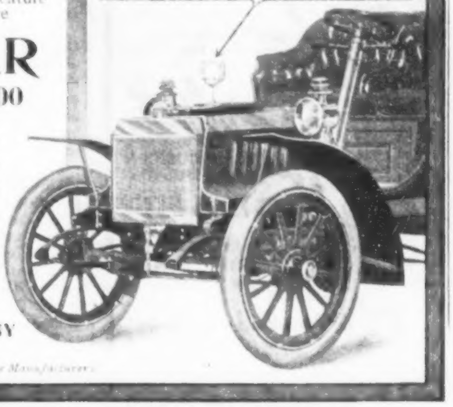

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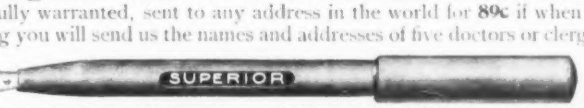

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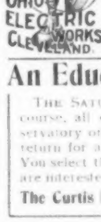

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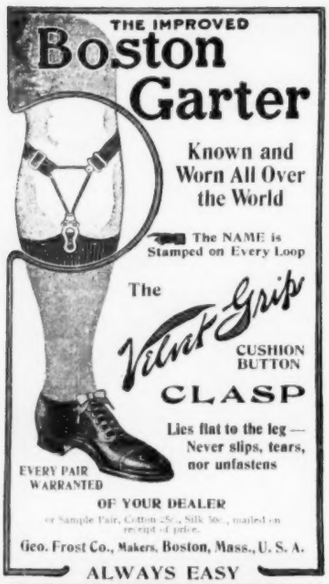

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"Fine!" he cried. "A second less than forty-two minutes. My friend, if you can keep this up you will win."

I was out of the cab before he had finished. With oil-can in hand I made record time around the engine. The safety-valve popped with a roar as we pulled from the crowded station. Suddenly Mart leaned from the gangway on my side and threw a bottle against the boiler. As it crashed into bits a reddish liquid trickled over the cylinder cover.

"Whoop!" he cried. "It was d——d poor licker, but it may bring us good luck! I christen thee the 'Gringo Flyer'!"

San Jose is on the southern edge of the Great Salt Marsh which stretches a distance of almost two hundred miles through the Province of Santiago del Estero. For leagues on both sides of the track can be seen immense white patches where the sun's rays have evaporated the saline water, leaving the salt incrustation to bleach on the sand. The rails and the peculiar saucer-shaped iron ties used on the road are spotted in places with the white salt where the wind has carried the vapor and deposited it.

The station called Totoralejos, forty-eight kilometers from San Jose, was to be the next stop, and as it meant a long run I gradually opened the throttle and eased up the reversing lever until she was utilizing every ounce of steam Mart could muster.

There was no question that she was flying. A glance back at the train revealed nothing but a cloud of dust, with here and there a swaying edge of brown marking the corner of a coach. The engine, although new, was very evenly balanced, and it was remarkable how little she swung as we struck the curves in the track.

In the midst of the rumble and roar I caught a distant shout from Mart. He stood with one hand grasping his shovel and the other waving aloft a bit of waste as a token of his delight.

The next moment I saw that we were approaching a rather stiff curve, and I eased off steam. As we slid around with slackened speed I gave her another notch, but to my surprise the great drivers clawed the rails with a grinding noise and within two seconds were racing so that I had to close the throttle.

As we were carried along by the momentum I used sand freely, and then tried the throttle again. The drivers took hold reluctantly, and it was some little time before I could shut off the sand. The general manager came round to my side.

"Slippery rails," he said, and I noticed that he was surprised. "How——"

His sentence was lost in a whirr and a grating roar. Jamming the throttle shut once more, I sprang to the edge of the gangway and, holding tight to the handrail, leaned down until my head was almost under the overhang of the cab. I could see nothing amiss, but as I hung there a flying particle of sand or something struck me upon the lip.

Instinctively, and as a man would, I spat, and in doing so my tongue touched something. I have always thought that it was some subtle sense that told me the truth, for, as I live, the explanation flashed upon me like an inspiration.

The taste was not salty—it was soapy!

I was back in the cab in an instant. Setting the air I brought the train to a stop, then beckoned to the general manager. He was a man quick in an emergency. He followed me without a word.

When we reached the ground I stooped over and scraped up a handful of the white particles, and put my tongue to them. It was salt. I tried again, and then a third time a short distance ahead of the engine. This time I was successful.

"Mr. Duncan," I said calmly, while he watched me, "I remarked to a certain man I met in Rosario not long ago that my engine would win—if I had a fair field. I have had a fair field up to the present speed trial, but I must say now that the best man in the best engine ever put up couldn't make time on a right-of-way sprinkled with powdered soap."

What the general manager said to Brewster I don't know, nor do I care very much. I felt so pleased at raking off the ten engines for the house that my heart was filled with peace and good will toward all men.

"I did it with Jap-a-Lac"

Every Reader of this Magazine should buy a copy of the May issue of

THE DELINEATOR, *or*
THE DESIGNER, *or the*
NEW IDEA WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

and read our four-page advertisement, which appears in the front, because it illustrates in their actual colors the many principal ways that JAP-A-LAC can be applied by anyone to beautify their home at little cost, so that *they can say* "I did it with JAP-A-LAC."

Knowledge of all the uses of JAP-A-LAC will make it to your interest to buy one of these magazines. You will then realize that with JAP-A-LAC you can make many things in your house, besides the worn or defaced wood, *look like new* at a nominal cost, because it does what furniture dealers have been charging high prices for when they apply it for you.

For these reasons, and because years of experience in advertising in all classes of magazines have proved THE DELINEATOR, THE DESIGNER and the NEW IDEA WOMAN'S MAGAZINE to be the most profitable, we selected them to place this advertisement, costing

$15,000.00

the largest sum of money ever paid for a four-page advertisement prepared and printed by any magazine

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

F. H. Glidden, President — Fred. A. Glidden, Vice-President — F. K. Glidden, Secretary — H. G. Ashbrook, Advertising Manager

REMOVES EVERY WEED—50c

With the **Champion** you or the children can remove dandelions, plantain or other weeds from your lawn, easily and without stooping. Just push the sharp prongs through the crown of the weed, and pull out with a twisting motion, and up comes the weed, roots and all, and the ejector throws it out. The prongs are steel, set into a malleable head, which is firmly fixed to a 7 ft. handle. It's unbreakable and will last for years. Price, Express Prepaid, 50c. Guaranteed Satisfactory.

Money back if it doesn't do the work.

CHAMPION WEED PULLER CO., 706 Railway Exchange Building, CHICAGO

Saving Money by Mail

If you have money on deposit in a savings bank where it is earning less than four per cent. interest, it will be to your advantage to send for our free booklet "M" telling how you may send money safely and conveniently by mail, no matter where you live, and obtain 4% INTEREST, compounded semi-annually, with the assurance that your deposits will be absolutely safe.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS and Trust Company Cleveland, O.

Assets over Thirty-Eight Million Dollars

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
996 F Street, Washington, D. C.

YOU CAN SUCCEED

in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book.

"Poultry for Profit"

Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for singles, pairs, trios and pens, and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It cost too much money and time to be given away, it is sent for 10 cents.

THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

LE PAGE'S GLUE Strongest in the World

Does not set quickly like the old style glue, and has four times the strength (official test, 1 in. square pine baffle), registered 1620 lbs. before parting. Used by the best mechanics and manufacturers the world over. Invaluable in household use, for Furniture, China, Ivory, Books, Leather, and wherever a strong adhesive is desired. In bottle or collapsible self-sealing tube (retails 10c.) mailed for 12c. if your dealer hasn't our line.

LE PAGE'S PHOTO PASTE
2-oz. size retails 5c., by mail, 10c.
LE PAGE'S MUCILAGE
2-oz. size retails 5c., by mail, 10c.

None genuine without this label.

RUSSIA CEMENT CO., 131 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

SANTA CRUZ CALIFORNIA

Climate the best. Famous Big Trees within 5 miles. Roses in bloom every day in the year. Finest Bathing Beach on Pacific Coast.

Send 2c. stamp to Board of Trade, Santa Cruz, California, for illustrated booklet. Department X.

Boys' Names Wanted We want names of bright boys between 12 and 20. We notify them interested in our illustrated magazine for boys, which has a circulation of over 150,000. Every issue contains Fascinating Boy Stories, handsome illus., departments of Amateur Photography, Stamps, Coins, Curios, Puzzles, Games, Jokes, Physical Culture, etc., and each month awards a large number of valuable prizes. If you are not a subscriber and will send us 5 boys' names and addresses and five 2c. stamps, or 10 cents in silver, we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid for 6 mos. in advance.

STAR MONTHLY, 448 Hunter St., Oak Park, Ills.

60,000 Sure Hatch Incubators

Working satisfactorily night and day. No "race suicide" in the poultry world while Sure Hatches are busy. Hatch every fertile egg. Lead because of exclusive patented features. *$20,000, 5-year guarantee.* Price of 120-egg machine, freight prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains $10. 60 days' trial. Catalog free. Address SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO.

Box 5711, Clay Center, Neb. Box 15711, Indianapolis, Ind.

This is only one of thousands of boys who are making money easily by selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

after school hours. It doesn't take much talking to make folks buy *The Post* —we've told people all over the country about it, and almost everybody knows it. Some of our boys depend on street sales, but most of them get regular customers to whom they deliver *The Post* each week. A few hours' easy work a week will give you plenty of pocket money. If some of our boys can make as much as $15 a week, why shouldn't you be able to make at least a couple of dollars? Write us, and we will send you our handsome booklet, "Boys Who Make Money." Along with it will come a complete outfit, including 10 copies of *The Post*—all free. When you have sold these copies at 5c each you will have money to buy more at wholesale prices. We also give sweaters, watches, etc., free, when you have sold a certain number of copies. In addition

$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

each month to boys who make the biggest increase in their sales. Part of this prize money is reserved for boys who start selling *The Post* next week.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 925 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In the Spirit of Spring.

'Tis now the mind turns lightly to

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS,

because of all things lovable they are most to be loved.

Fairy confections, sweet as the budding blossoms.

Thin strips as light as sunshine, concealing between them a luscious cream that forms a perfect unity with any ice or beverage, and tempts you beyond resistance.

Flavored with Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Mint.

FESTINO—another confection, like an almond in appearance and flavor, with a shell that dissolves on your tongue and surprises you with a delightful kernel of cream.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY